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THE Jealous Husbands, A COMEDY

VVith the Humours of

Sir John Twiford.

AND THE

RAMBLING JUSTICE.

Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL:

By T. Leanerd.

Licensed *March* 13. 1678. *Roger L'Estrange.*

LONDON

Printed for *T. Norman* at the *Popes Head* in *Fleetstreet*, betwixt *Salisbury Court* and *Fleet-Bridge*, 1680.

THE

Jealous Husband,

A

COMEDY.

With the Humours of

Sir John Twiford.

AND THE

FAMILY JUSTICE:

A

FARCE.

Printed for T. Waring at the Cross Keys
in Pater-noster Row, and Peter Buck, &c.

PROLOGUE. Spoken by *Flora*.

WILL nothing take in these Ill-natur'd times?
Neither low Farce nor great Heroick Rhimes?
'Tis strange you should such Sectaries be grown,
Thus to allow no Doctrine but your Own;
And in the Pit as they in Pulpits rage,
Preach up Rebellion to undoe the Stage.

Like angry Fate you Damn without Control,
Ruine your Own, but not the Poet's Soul.
If Wit should be the Substance of a Spark,
Why is your Talk so Dull? your Sence so Dark?
Things much admir'd by Hops both great and small,
Are to be Drunk, keep Miss, and visit Ball;
But the great Essence, Wit, few have at all.
Wit does in Plays to some Gay Fops appear,
Like a New Mistress in their full Carear;
All Ayre and Charming till the Minute's past,
And then you kick her out with all your hast,
Tax'd with the Crime, Damme she's False you cry,
Another Lord keeps her as well as I.
This makes the Trade of Miss and Poet Dull,
They care not how Debauch'd to please a Fool.
But what's all this to me? I've yet been true,
But 'twas for want of Wit, like some of you.
'Sdeath who would be so singularly kind,
To oblige but One? Faith they're not of my mind.
'Tis Wit in Women to accept of All,
The Knight, the Squire, but Gold in Generall.
The more they swarm, the greater store comes in,
And 'twill be pleasure then to pay for Sin.
But to be left in this unruly sort
By you the Great Pretenders of the Court,
Would make a Saint, a Mistress ne're so true,
Forget her Vows, and prove as False as you;
Turning her House, since you are grown so Fickle,
As we must ours, into a Conventicle.

There's no Redemption, thank our daily Jars,
The Men are all resolv'd to go to Wars;
The Women thus grown out of Favour too,
Must in Remotes begin and trade a new.

Then if you chance to have the luck Before,
And come though overcharg'd with Love and Fire,
Perhaps we'l take your Guinnies and Retire.
Cheat you at now with a Dull Lenten Play,
And being Stock'd and Brisk sneak quite away.
Laugh at these Huffing Criticks of the Pit,
Who come in Droves to seize this Monster Wit.

The Actors Names.

Mr. *Powell*,	Sir *Arthur Twilight*,	A Lascivious old Knight.
Mr. *Wilshire*,	Sir *Generall Amorous*,	A Gentleman of a free Nature, a Generall Lover.
Mr. *Disney*,	*Contentious Surly*,	Of a morose Jealous Humour.
Mr. *Perrin*,	Sir *Geoffry Jolt*,	A Country Justice, fond of all Women.
Mr. *Powre*,	*John Twiford*,	A Gentleman of no Fortune, sometimes Lunatick.
Mr. *Q.*	*Spywell*,	Sir *Generalls* Man.
Mr. *Coysh*,	*Bramble*, An Old man.	Sir *Arthurs* Man.

Captain of the *Gipsies*, and other *Gipsies* Men and Women.
A Drawer, and two *Sedan-men*.

Women.

Mrs. *Farlee*,	*Eudoria*,	Wife to Sir *Arthur*.
Mrs. *Merchant*,	*Petulant Easy*,	Wife to *Surly*.
Mrs. *Bates*,	*Emelia*,	Daughters to Sir *Arthur* by a former Wife.
Mrs. *Cook*,	*Flora*,	

SCENE LONDON.
Time Twenty four hours.

THE

THE RAMBLING JUSTICE, OR THE Jealous Husbands.

ACT the First.

SCENE *London.*

Enter as in diſcourſe Arthur *and* Spywell.

Arth. URGE me no more, I like it not.

Spyw. Take Reaſon with you Sir, and let that guide your Paſſion; Sir *Amorous* is too much a Gentleman to injure you i'th' leaſt, he is all Ayre, all Freeneſs, all Converſation.

Arth. Yes, and all Love too, that I have heard and fear; I like his all Ayre, all Freeneſs and all Converſation very well, but I hate his all Love. Sir, I muſt beg your Maſters pardon, my houſe has no room for ſuch all Loving Gentlemen.

Spyw. Then he is all Generoſity, all Honour, and parts with his Money, Plate and Jewells.——

Arth. Ha! what ſaid you there? is he all Money too?

Spyw. Made up with Gold and Silver, and values it as lightly.——

Arth. Ha! does he ſo? let him come in, I love a Gentleman that is all Money with my Heart, I do indeed. *Exit* Spyw.

I smell, I smell a Design, but let him work on, I have two pair of Eyes, and can as soon discover the Intrigues of love, as the Youngest Hector of 'em all, he hath Money, and he hath Writings for Land, two Excellent properties to come under an Aldermans Roof. *Bramble.*

Enter Bramble.

Bramb. Sir.

Arth. Bid your Mistris, 'las what did I say, bid your Lady keep her Chamber, let her not come so much as to the Window, upon her Peril and yours; for if I spy her though Ten score Yards distance from my new Lodger, I'le put you into the Bryers, look to't d'ye hear. [*Ex.* Bramble.

Enter Sir Generall *and* Spywell.

Sir *Generall Amorous*, your Servant, Methinks I hunger and thirst to doe you service, you were to blame, indeed you were, not to make use of my poor House before.

Gen. I am happy in having so great a Blessing laid upon me, to be under the Roof of such a worthy Friend.

Arth. You are pleas'd to Complement, I know you are, I could have done it once too, but that time is past, my dancing Dayes are done.

Gen. Yet you are Fresh and Gay Sir as the Morning, and have the same Desires you had in Youth: but where's your Wife? Methinks I long to see my Charming Landlady.

Arth. Pox on him, does he begin so soon? he has scarce breath'd since he came in, and ask for her already? [*Aside.* Alas Sir, my Wife is gone to take the Ayre, She and my Girles just now took Coach together.

Spyw. As we were coming in I saw her in her Balcone.

Arth. A Rogue *Bramble*, ——'Sounds in a Balcone. [*Aside.* You are mistaken Sir, indeed you are, she went to *Epsom* yesterday.

Gen. Ha, ha, ha, nay now I find you jeast, come, come Sir you are a merry man, and I know Love to be jocost: what say you shall I see *Eudoria*?

Arth. Not in her time of sickness, she never permits any man to visit her then, Sir, she has such strange fits, a kind of idle Frenzy.

Gen.

Gen. I long to ſee her then, for nothing in the world can more delight me than to ſee Beauty in a fit of madneſs, oh how they Charm! but is ſhe often troubled?

Arth. Once a Month, and then ſhe looks ſo ſtrangely.

Gen. 'Las poor Soul, I fain would treſpaſs Sir upon your Goodneſs, but the arguments you give me are ſo many I dare not plead againſt 'em. [*Laughing within.*

Enter Bramble *running.*

Bramb. Sir, Sir.

Arth. The News with you?

Bramb. My Lady *Eudoria*, and your Daughter *Emilia* are in ſuch a fit of Laughter, that unleſs you come in to her aſſiſtance, and turn the ſource of their prodigious Mirth, I fear 'twill overcome 'em.

Arth. My Wife Laughing? out you lying Varlet. {*Strikes him.*

Bramb. As I hope to be ſav'd I ſaw her Sir, ſhe laugh'd extreamly.

Arth. Peace Hell-hound or —— Pox of the babling [*Aſide.* Dog, all's ſpoil'd now —— Alas Sir *Amorous*, my Man is Frantick, as mad as a March Hare: my Wife Laughing? ſhe is the moſt melancholy Creature in *Europe*, ſhe never Smiles nor Laughs, unleſs at Prayers, or at Church.

Gen. Be not ſo angry Sir, he might miſtake.

Arth. A Pox of his Miſtakes, I hate 'em Sir. {*Frets up and down.*

Gen. Come hither *Bramble*, —— is thy Miſtreſs ſick?

Bramb. O law Sir.——

Gen. Nay tell me, Sir *Arthur* ſhall be pleas'd, how does thy Lady?

Bramb. Well Sir, well.——

Arth. Is ſhe ſo Raſcall? [*Strikes* Bramble. Pardon me Sir *Amorous*. A man may have leave to jeaſt with his Friend, intruth he may, ſhe is within, indeed ſhe is, I did not intend to hinder her your Company, only to raiſe your Expectations to a pitch. Call in your Miſtreſs, Raſcall. Now ſhall I be made a Cuckold before my face, [*Ex.* Bramble. I know I ſhall, if I prevent it not——[*Aſide.*] I believe Mr. *Amorous* you take me for a Jealous man, a very Jealous fool I'le war-

rant you, such another as *Contentious Surly* is. But i'faith you are mistaken, for my Pigsny is too Virtuous to have the least mistrust upon her, she is indeed.

Gen. I must confess *Contentious Surly* Rules more like a Madman than a Husband, and looks upon his Wife not with the Eyes of Reason but of Rage, who is all Innocence and Goodness, and I dare swear would not wrong her Husband.

Arth. Not for a World, I know she would not. Alas poor Lady, this it is to have Chastity and Goodness lodg'd under a Jealous Roof, I thank my Stars I am free from it.

Gen. You are the Happier Man, Sir *Arthur*.

Enter Eudoria, Emilia *and* Bramble.

But yonder comes the Comfort of my Soul, who like a Glittering Star points all its Beams this way, whilst I the only Wretched of Mankind, dare but admire and gaze.

Arth. Sir *Amorous* be Complaisant, I prethee be, I am not Jealous, fack I am not, what! look upon a Lady and not dare salute her?

Gen. Indeed I dare not, my Oath has bound me from so great a Blessing.

Arth. Nay if you have Sworn, I have done.

Gen. However to oblige so good a Friend I will be perjur'd once. [*Goes to* Eudoria.

Madam I hope my strangeness will not appear Rude or Unmannerly, for in your Eyes I read a Happy Fate, and Glorious Blessings wait on every smile, but when they're Check'd by the malign Aspect of such a dogged Planet, I must only with this Retire. [*Kisses her Hand.*

Eud. 'Tis my Ill fortune Sir, to live a Stranger from the Blest society of man, and only Eat, and Drink and Sleep with an all-seeing *Argus*, who is ——I know not what.

Gen. I can but pity for a time, then strive to get your Freedome. [*Kisses her Hand again.*

Arth. Why that's well said, to her again Boy, to her again. Intruth she hath as good a—— Hand as any she in *Europe*.

Enter Twiford.

Twif. Good Morrow Cousin *Arthur*, and you Cousin *Eudoria*, and you Cousin *Emilia*. I protest my Lady Cousins at Court

Court are extreamly Well, Extraordinarily Jocoſt and Pleaſant, and my Lord had the Mighty Fortune juſt now to win a hundred Guinnies of the Earle my Couſin, and how fares my Lord *Amorous?* What, Dogged?

Gen. No Mr. *Twiford*, ſo far from that, I ne're was better pleas'd.

Twif. I'le tell you my Lord th' effects of this day's Hunting. The Duke my Uncle, and my Lord my Extraordinary good Friend and Couſin, would needs take me in their Coach to go a Hunting.

Arth. How! in their Coach Mr. *Twiford?*

Twif. Yes, in their Coach Couſin *Arthur.* Alas 'tis the faſhion now, all a Mode indeed; and being come to *Hide Park*, we unbrac'd the Horſes, put our Hats underneath for Saddles, and run the four mile Courſe ſo pleaſantly: but by my Honour I beat 'em a whole Coach length, Poal and all.

Arth. I do believe you. Mr. *Amorous* my new Friend and Lodger, welcome once more, come let's retire, the Morning Ayr is bleak.

Twyf. It is indeed, my Couſin *Arthur* adviſes well, and truly I am ſomething weary, for I juſt now came from *Hampton Court.* And upon my word my Couſin is very well, and all the reſt of the Lords and Ladies at Court, they are indeed.

Arth. I am glad to hear it, come Sir *Generall.*

Twif. Indeed Couſin you are very obliging, nay without Ceremony my Lord. [*Exeunt.* Spywell *calls* Bramble *back.*

Spyw. Hark. How long have you lived here?

Bramb. Too long by a fortnight, ſixteen days.

Spyw. What, and weary of thy Service already?

Bramb. The Devil cannot live Contentedly under my Maſters Roof, we are all Priſoners, and he the head Jaylour. Sometimes but very ſeldome I have the Keeping of my Lady.

Spyw. What, under Lock and Key?

Bramb. Yes, and Bolts, and Barrs too; he is as Jealous as he is Old, as Old as he is Crafty, and as Crafty as the Devil. Nothing can Cozen him.

Spyw. Nor Cuckold him neither?

Bramb. I believe not, for all my Lady has a mind to it. She ſmil'd upon me the other day, and the Jealous Coxcomb brake my Head for't.

Spyw. Twas ill done indeed. Here, canst thou be secret? [*Gives him Money.*

Bramb. As a Churchwarden, let all the poors Money slip into my Pocket, and not declare it.

Spyw. You are fit for my Masters turn then: know, that Sir *Generall Amorous* was sent hither by *Contentious Surley* to Cuckold your Master, but he knowing no design could be brought about without the help of some Servant or other in the house, ordered me to make Choice of one, whom I should think Convenient.

Bram. I shall be glad to serve you Sir.

Spyw. I am not Unsensible your Lady every Afternoon walks into the Garden, where over the purling Fountain she mourns for the Loss she sustains in having only the Ruins of a Man.

Bramb. True Sir.

Spyw. She being entered, I would have you oblige me with the Key of the Garden Gate, that my Master may go in and out at pleasure.

Bramb. It shall be done Sir.

Spyw. That's all at present, but fail not.

Bramb. I will not Sir, I will not. This shall to my Master, perhaps he will reward me nobly for saving his honour, and keeping his Horns from Budding. [*Exit.*

Spyw. With this first Plot I'll try the hasty Servant, which if he spoil I value not, for nothing shall be acted I have told him, but every Wheel move in another Frame. I've help'd *Contentious* to his Horns already, and it shall be hard if Twilight scape my Policy. [*Exit.*

Enter Contentious Surly *and* Petulant Easy.

Easy. What have I done to merit your Disgrace!

Surly. Enough.

Easy. Have I in ought transgress'd the Laws of Wedlock?

Surly. Yes.

Easy. With whom?

Surly. One whom I to day remov'd, Sir *Generall Amorous*, have I not seen him gaze upon your Face, bask in the Sunshine of your Early favours, whilst you as wantonly as common Sinners exchang'd both Smiles and Glances?

Easy.

Easy. Can you blame her for Civill Courtesies, who smiles upon a man that brings you profit, heaps up those Coffers which before were empty, and all if I but smile?

Surly. By Heav'n th' Ambassador for greater Sins, him and his profits I've remov'd from hence, and will do from the world if you but name him more.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir *Geoffry Jolt* just arriv'd, desires you would oblige him with your Presence.

Surly. I'll wait upon him, and do you hear, be Wise and Circumspect, with him I dare to trust you. [*Exit cum* Servant.

Easy. Yes, Wise enough to leave your surly Humour: did I for this take you to my Embraces, did with that Holy (Curse on the fatall hour, and Curse on me for yielding thus to an Eternall Bondage) Tye of Matrimony? Knit both our Souls together? What shall I doe? I must be free again. Sir *Generalls* Charms have won so much upon me that now I dare, (prompted by the Ill usage of a Cruell Husband) act all he has desired. This very hour I will disguise my self, and with that stock of Jewells I have left, fly to my Amorous Lover, and in his Arms repeat our stoln Delights. But here comes that cruell Clog of Matrimony, Husband.

Enter Contentious Surly *and Sir* Geoffry Jolthead.

Surley. Sir *Geoffry* Welcome, you know I am one of as few Ceremonies as Words, which both I think are needless to a Friend.

Geoff. They are indeed Mr. *Surly*, for my part I hate 'em, I love nothing in the World but brisk Wine, Compleat French Fashions, and Aery young Women, is that your Wife Sir?

Surly. One I am forc'd to call so.

Geoff. She is very handsome, by my Honour I must salute her. Lady accept this kiss from a Country Magistrate, one who admires any thing that belongs to my Dear and Respective Friend *Surly*. [*Kisses* Easy.

Easy. I am happy then in being his Sir.

Geoff. You are indeed, that word of Humility sounds so pleasantly and sweetly, that by Jove I must [*Kisses her again.* have another. I love a Lady that payes Obedience and Respect

ſpect to her Lord and Maſter: a Huſband is the Head, the very top Branch of the Family.

Eaſy. I look upon him ſo indeed.

Geoff. Again, again, Lord how this Duty Charms me! let me Embrace you for an hour together. [*Kiſſes her again.*

Surly. How now! why I ſhall foſter up another Snake to ſting my Boſome, and one who through ſimplicity will do't before my Face.

Eaſy. I hope my Wiſedome and Circumſpection as he calls it, will make the top Branch of the Family a Buck of the firſt Head. [*Aſide.*

Geoff. As I was going to ſay, Mr. *Surly*, your Wife is a very Dutifull, Religious, and by my Honour, a very obliging Lady, your *London* Women kiſs with ſuch Art, and ſo much Magnificence, that they almoſt Raviſh us Country Gentlemen: did you teach her that turn, and that thruſt of the Lip ha? by *Jove* 'tis moſt Delicious.

Surly. No Sir.

Geoff. Then ſhe is Witty too, Lord how I admire a Witty Lady! learn that touch your ſelf! let me be raviſh'd quite. [*Embraces her again.*

Surly. Death and Confuſion, this is worſe than t'other, this is a meer Stallion, I ſhall be the Branch I find it, he tops upon her ſtill, and ſhe Receives it, Sir *Geoffry*.

Geoff. I beg your Pardon Mr. *Surly*. I vow your Wife has ſuch a Charming way of Kiſſing, and preſſes it ſo cloſe, I had forgot my ſelf.

Surly. And ſo She has——I think, have you no ſhame, thou Impudent'ſt of Women?

Eaſy. Shame Sir!

Surly. Yes ſhame.

Eaſy. For what?

Surly. To let the World behold your looſe deſires, you kiſs with Art and Pleaſure.

Eaſy. You bid me uſe him kindly, bid me be Wiſe and Circumſpect, and ſaid that you durſt truſt him with me, and truely if you dare venture that, I dare truſt my ſelf with him.

Surly. Oh Impudence!

Eaſy. You would have me turn the Cheek and bluſh when he comes near me, as if I were afraid his Beard would hurt me.

No

No Mr. *Surly*, I us'd him kindly out of reſpect to you: and a thing once well done, is better than twice ill.

Surly. Diſtraction ſeize her! get you to your Chamber.

Eaſy. I'm gone Sir, and from you for ever. [*Exit* Eaſy.

Geoff. What, ſend your Wife away and not give your Friend notice? 'twas unkindly done.

Surly. Her buſineſs call'd her.

Geoff. I'faith She kiſſes ſmartly.

Surly. I am glad to hear it.

Geoff. And is all Air too, and for her breath——

Surly. No more of that Sir *Geoffry*, I am glad I have any thing to pleaſure you—Pox on him, I cannot forbid him the houſe for ſhame, nor muſt he ſtay to plague me.—— [*Aſide.*

Geoff. Come, come, come, I find you are melancholy, let's to a Tavern, a glaſs or two of Champain will make us kiſs and caper, and get us a ſtomach to our Dinners. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Arthur *and* Bramble.

Arth. My Wife made an Aſſignation to meet *Amorous* in the Garden?

Bramb. It is nothing but truth I'll promiſe you, for his man *Spywell* gave me money not only to be a Confederate, but to ſteal the Key of the Garden gate, that he as well as my Lady might enter in and out at pleaſure.

Arth. Did he ſo, did he ſo? Nay, then there is Treaſon plotting againſt my honour, I find there is, and did you get the Key for him *Bramble?*

Bramb. Yes Sir.

Arth. Did you ſo Rogue? out upon thee for a Villain, a Traytor, a meer foot Pad, a Setter, Devil; you gave him the Key did you? I'll key you with a Pox. [*Beats* Bramble.

Bramb. Hold Sir, hold, you will make Mummy of me elſe.

Arth. I will make a Devil of thee, what, my own Servant be a Traitor?

Bramb. I thought no harm in it, as I hope to be——

Arth. Beaten did you not? what, give the Key of your Maſters Cabinet, his Jewells, his all he has, and yet think no harm? However come along, conduct me to the place where I may ſee 'em both, or I will beat you ſwindgingly, nay, when I have ſeen 'em, I will make you beat the villain, and then

beat you for not beating him enough, come along Rascall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *A Bedchamber.*

Sir Generall Amorous, *and* Eudoria *sitting as in Discourse, they rise and come upon the Stage.*

Gen. How shall I make amends for this great blessing? if all the Services of Life, (which I'll devote to you) can make the least, I vow to use 'em all; and spend no time but in the company of you, or your Idea which cannot be absent from a Lovers mind, when his Mistress is so kind, so Charming, and so——

End. Nay, do not flatter me, I am but as you see, my Face may pass, and those which love it not, let 'em seek out a better; I am no whining Lover, I hate those puling Fops, I love a man that gains me by Intrigue, a minute stoln is all the happiness of our mortality.

Gen. We will have many then, revell in Joys, and steal a thousand pleasures, I have a Brain was never barren yet, especially in any Love Projection.

End. Thanks to your subtle Man, your vigilant *Spywell*, his Name was not giv'n him for nothing.

Gen. True Madam, I confess he has a ready Wit, but never yet durst undertake an Action, before the Mass was cast by me: he only works and thus divides the whole as our Occasions happen, the drift of which is to obtain your Love.

End. Which Purchas'd, will perhaps be answer'd with a scorn.

Gen. Never, O never Madam; it is impossible such glorious Charms should meet the least neglect, you are all Goodness, and Entrance at every look my Soul.

Enter Spywell.

Spyw. Haste, or you're lost for ever, your Jealous Husband prompted by his Rage, comes first to search the Chamber, he is all fire and nothing can allay him.

End. What shall we doe?

Gen. Stand here and meet his Fury.

Spyw.

Spyw. O by no means, is there no ſecret Chamber, no place of ſafety for you?

End. Only one, this door leads to a Gallery which is as dark as night, from whence ſometimes he fancies are groans heard, which he declares for Truth, and now and then relates what dreadfull Monſters, Ghoſts and Devils he in his Bed hath ſeen, all being only Fancies, idle Dreams; thither we will enter, and as we goe I'll give you a Diſguiſe which I have alwaies ready, and if he chance to enter with a Light tumble both down together.

Spyw. It ſhall be done, fear not, haſte, haſte, I hear him coming. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Arthur *and* Bramble, Bramble *with a Light.*

Arth. On, on, you villain on, —— [*Looks about the Room.* not here by Heaven, nor here, —— [*Breaks open one Door.* nor here. —— [*Breaks open another.* She is in the Garden that's certain, ſtay, ſtay, hold, hold, here is a Gallery, a Teneberian Gullet, which I dare not enter, but *Bramble* ſhall, in, in, in there Raſcall, ſearch every place, nay every Corner, or meet my high diſpleaſure.

Bramble *Enters, is Tumbled down by* Spywell, *rowls out and is followed by* Spywell *as a Ghoſt*, Arthur *ſeeing him, runs off crying the Devil, the Devil*, &c. *and* Bramble *crawls off.*

Spyw. Come, come, you may venture to come out now.

Enter Eudoria *and Sir* Generall Amorous.

Gen. He's gone, as full of fear as Jelouſy, *Eudoria* this plot was yours, and henceforth to you I'll own my Preſervation.

Spyw. This is no time to talk, Madam haſte to your Bed, and there pretend a ſleep, I know you want not fitting words t'excuſe ſo ſmall an abſence if he ſhould chance to ſearch and find you. And you Sir, haſte to your Chamber, I know that's the next Randezvous after the Garden.

Gen. Farewell, my Prayers and Love attend you.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE *The Garden.*

Enter Twiford, Emelia *and* Flora.

Twif. Nay, nay, come, come, come, my pretty Cousins, upon my honour and all that, you are both Beauties, but especially Lady Cousin, you as the Eldest ought to have most praise, and i'faith you deserve it nobly, and when saw you my Lord *John*, and his Lady *Mary*, ha?

Emel. I know 'em not.

Twif. What, not my very good Friend and Honourable Cousin my Lord *John*? that's strange indeed; why, he was my Fathers Cobler, but afterwards by Care and Prudence, good Custome and so forth, he became an Alderman, and then——

Enter Sir Arthur *and* Bramble.

what, my Honourable Cousin Sir *Arthur*, I vow I am glad to see you: my Lady *Mary* is very considerably well, and truely I believe we shall have Affairs put into a very good order, and Cousin *Arthur* your two Daughters and I have been entertaining Discourse upon a very considerable subject.

Arth. Pox of your subjects. *Emelia*, where is *Eudoria*?

Emel. In her Chamber Sir.

Arth. 'Tis false, all, all are Traytors, every one conspires my Ruine and Disgrace, but you shall pay for it Villain you shall, I'll firk you i'faith, you must tell Lies with a Pox, get you from my sight you Varlet. [*Beats* Bramb.

Bramb. So I will, and from your Service too; the Devil shall live with such a Master for me, farewell Sir, may the Pox and your own Horns choak you. [*Exit* Bramble.

Arth. Is he gone, is the Villain gone?

Flor. Yes Sir.

Arth. What did he say?

Twif. Something about Horns and Pox, but by my Honour Coz I believe he's Frantick, for what has a Clown to doe either with Pox or Horns? they are Ornaments only for Court and City.

Arth. But *Emelia*, *Flora*, nay good Girles tell me where, where, where is *Eudoria*, where is my new Lodger?

Emel.

Emel. As for Sir *Amorous* I know not, but for *Endoria* I saw her in her Chamber.

Flor. And so did I Sir *Amorous.*

Arth. Nay then 'tis pretty well, 'tis pretty well: I am almost mad dear Girles, this Rogue *Bramble* has Cashier'd my Wits, Pox of the Garden key, but 'tis no matter *Emelia* I have a Husband for you, a Rich and Understanding Husband.

Emel. Nay, if he be but Rich I'll bate his Understanding, that is too troublesome a Companion for a Woman.

Arth. All, all of the same Brood by Heaven, not one Chast Woman in a Kingdom, if there be one 'tis a Miracle.

[*Ex. all but* Emelia.

Emel. This is the Curse of Wedlock, hourly Jealousies and daily Troubles, if ever I marry it shall be one both Deaf, Dumb, Lame and Blind.

They're all but Complements for hourly Strife,
And with new Troubles daily fill the Life
Of her who's such a Sot to be a Wife. [*Exit.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT II.

SCENE St. *James's.*

Enter Sir Generall Amorous.

Gen. MY Thoughts are all on fire, my Pulse beats swift, and every Motion ushers a new thought, I'm all Desire and Love, and fain would reap those pleasures are in View, oh Jelousy how dost thou wrong that Love might be enjoy'd without the least Suspect, how many various waies do we Conspire to blind his greedy Eyes! I wonder *Bramble* stayes so long, our hasty separation hindred a new Appointment, which I was forc'd to send by one I would not trust, did he not hate Sir *Arthur.*

Enter Bramble.

Bramble the News?

Bramb. The News Sir!

Gen. Yes, how doth *Eudoria?*

Bramb. Soft, ſoft Sir, you think it is nothing to get News out of a Ladies Chamber where her Huſband is the Jaylor, I was there Sir.

Gen. Well.

Bramb. As you know a merry fellow may paſs any where.

Gen. So Sir, but what is this to the purpoſe?

Bramb. Nay, it was nothing to the purpoſe that is certain.

Gen. How wretched this ſlave makes me, did you not ſee her?

Bramb. I ſaw her.

Gen. Well, and what ſaid ſhe then?

Bramb. Not a word Sir.

Gen. How! not a Word?

Bramb. Proves her the better temper'd, for Women ſhould be ſeen more than they are heard. She was aſleep Sir.

Gen. You ſhould have waked her then; ſuch another opportunity loſt would be enough to ruine half a Kingdome.

Bramb. I durſt not venture that Sir, for fear Sir *Arthur* ſhould have heard me, and then you know what follows: but I ſtood ſtill awhile, and preſently I might perceive *Eudoria* yawn, and ſtir, and rub her Eyes and then——

Gen. She ſpoke the kindeſt words, oh let me hear 'em.

Bramb. Not one indeed Sir, and yet I know her mind as well as if I were in her Belly.

Gen. You ſaid but now ſhe did not ſpeak a word.

Bramb. But ſhe gave certain Signs, and that's as good.

Gen. Can you conceive by Signs?

Bramb. Yes very well Sir, even from an Infant, did you ne're know that? I was the happieſt Child in all our Country, I was born of a Dumb woman.

Gen. How!

Bramb. Stark Dumb Sir: my Father had a Rare bargain of her, a Rich penniworth, there would have been but too much money given for her, a Juſtice of Peace was about her, but my Father being then Conſtable carried her before him.

Gen.

Gen. What were the Signs ſhe gave?

Bramb. Many and good Sir. *Imprimis*, ſhe firſt gap'd, but that I gueſs'd was done for want of Air; then ſhe caſt up her Eyes and wink'd, as who ſhould ſay bid Sir *Amorous* come at twilight: then look'd upon her Watch and twice ſhe nodded, as who ſhould ſay, the hour will come, that I ſhall make two Noddies of my Keepers.

Gen. A Third of thee, is this your Mother Tongue? my hopes are much the wiſer for this Language, there is no ſuch Curſe in Love as an Arrant Aſs.

Bramb. O yes Sir, yes, an Arrant Whore's far worſe.

Gen. Begone, is this the good you do me? his Love is wretched and moſt diſtreſt that muſt make uſe of Fools. [*Exit.*

Bramb. Fool to my Face from this, and be beaten by the other? that's unreaſonable; I will be a Knave one day for this trick, or it ſhall coſt me a Fall, though it be from a Gibbet. I'll be out of the Precincts of Fools if I live but two daies to an end, I will turn Raſcall preſently, the beſt ſort of which are *Gipſeys*; for that is the high way to the daintieſt Knave that ever Mothers ſon took journey to. O thoſe dear *Gipſeys* they live the merrieſt Lives, eat ſweet ſtoln Hens, pluck'd over Pales and Hedges by a Twitch. They are never without a plump and lovely Gooſe, or dainty Sow pig, thoſe things I ſaw with my own Eyes to day, they call 'em Vanities and trifling Pilfries, oh they are the Wittieſt Thieves, I'll ſtay no longer, but go and ſteal ſomething preſently, and ſo bring my ſelf acquainted with them. [*Exit* Bramble.

Enter Sir Generall Amorous.

Gen. Nothing I fear ſo much as in the time of my dull abſence, and the idle Frenſie of my Meſſenger, her Huſband will come to know our Loves, and by ſecret threats and promiſes regain her Affection, there is the Miſchief, I have no Enemy like him, and though his Policy diſſemble me a welcome, no mans hate can be greater than his to me.

Enter Spywell.

Spyw. Now is your only time t'enjoy the freedome Sir of Converſation. After *Endoria* parted to her Bed, I watched the Jealous Huſband and dog'd him from the Garden to her Chamber,

ber, where when he found her he leapt for very Joy, then wept, and leap'd again, at laſt he timerouſly ſtrove to wake her, which being done he fell upon his Knees and beg'd her to forgive him; hung on her Neck and ſeem'd to be Tranſported.

Gen. How can this quench thoſe Flames of Love I feel, or help me to Enjoyment?

Spyw. No ſooner was his Pardon ſign'd with Kiſſes, but from her ſight he flung to ſeek you out, that you might make it perfect.

Gen. All this but uſhers Torment, not Reliefe.

Spyw. He gone, I entered towards the fair *Eudoria*, and with ſuch moving words as I could utter, painted the Flame Sir of your vigorous Love; ſhe lent a gentle Ear to what I ſaid, and ſighing bid you meet her in the Grove behind the Garden gate.

Gen. Oh Happineſs!

Spyw. Where Mask'd Sir, and diſguis'd like a Town *Gipſy* ſhe would attend your Pleaſure.

Gen. O let me hug you cloſe, I could (methinks) ſqueeze you into my Soul, the News you've brought has made me all a Flame, rais'd my deſires to ſuch a mighty pitch, that as I'm falling t'wards my Sea of pleaſure. I ſhall taſt on the way all, all the bliſs of Life.

Enter Sir Arthur.

Arth. Sir *Generall Amorous* well met, well met i'faith, I vow I am glad to ſee you; my Wife poor—— {Amorous *ſtands melancholy.*

What, angry man? come, come, I know the reaſon, I was a little Jealous, Fack I was, but it is off again; nay, now you are no true Friend, what, angry for a *Continuando?*

Gen. I am not Sir, eſpecially with you, yet who can ſhun the Croſſes of the World, or help——

Arth. Help, what Croſſes? I am the beſt at helping of Croſſes of any man in *Europe*; come tell me your Grievances, you ſhall, you ſhall.

Gen. Sir, they are in my Power to tell, but not in your Will t'effect.

Arth. Not in my Will t'effect? by *Eudoria's* honeſty but it ſhall be in my Will, What is't?

Gen.

Gen. By my frequent disappointments, and my many urgent occasions for mony, I am at this time necessitated for a hundred pound.

Arth. Hum, hum, a hundred pound? 'tis a swindging summe indeed, and out of my power not will to lend you; however here's a Ring, a diamond Ring it is, and will go near to pawn for fifty Guinneys, take that, before you have spent it all, I shall be furnished doubt not.

Gen. Sir I accept your proffer, and for your security the Deeds of all my Lands shall be delivered, till then farewell.

[*Exit cum* Spywell.

Arth. Shall be delivered? ay but when? I have done bravely now, lent fifty pound upon a shall be delivered; yet o' my conscience he is an honest Gentleman; he has honesty and civility writ on his face, he has indeed; he is not like our whoring, swearing Sparks of the times, who make it their practice to dub Cuckolds, and then out of civility be the Child's Godfather.

Enter Sir Jeoffrey Jolthead *and* Contentious Surly.

Geoff. Why, now Mr. *Surly* we look like men, methinks I could caper and leap, and kiss and play, and do every thing with a Lady: oh this wine, this wine is a very pleasant element.

Surly. It is indeed.

Geoff. What Sir *Arthur Twilight*, and how does my pretty little flearing Misses ha? can they kiss smartly and turn up the lip ha? [Surly *pulls him by the Coat.*

Surly. Pox of this Fool, he will proclaim my shame to all the World. [*Aside.*

Geoff. Can they Boy, can they?

Arth. They can do every thing belongs to the Sex no doubt Sir *Geoffrey.*

Geoff. I vow they are pretty Wags, I love 'em dearly; shall I see 'em?

Arth. Yes when you please Sir *Geoffrey.* Mr. *Surly* you look clouded: pox of sorrow I say, it is enough for superannuated Cuckolds to be melancholy, not such as you and I, we are free from it.

Surly. I would I were. [*Aside.*] Sure he knows nothing to the contrary.

Arth. 'Tis a great torment to be jealous sure, to think a very shadow at Noon-day can do the act we dream of: to frown on all, even our best of friends; turn off our Lodgers, cashier our Servants, swear at our Maids, slander our Children.

{*As Sir* Arthur *talks*, Contentious Surly *walks*, *Sir* Arthur *following him.*

Surly. Curse on this Ribaldry, what's this to me, am I the man you aim at?

Arth. No, no Sir, no.

Surly. Am I the mark you level all these arrows at?

Arth. No Sir, no.

Surly. Why do you bellow in my ears the name of Cuckold then?

Arth. Because there is pleasure in it, methinks they are the prettiest old decrepit Creatures in *Europe*: but Mr. *Surly* I have done, come shall's drink a glass of Wine together? let us be brisk and merry, shall we ha?

Geoff. Well said Mr. *Arthur*, you are the same man still, the merry man i'faith, and could I warrant you — but 'tis no matter, come Mr. *Surly*.

Surly. I care Sir for no more, my business lies at home.

Geoff. A pox of home, thou hast a Wife at home, that can I'le warrant you manage affairs without the help of Husband, come, come, you shall go.

Arth. Do do, i'fack, Mr. *Surly* you are good company, and I love good company with all my heart, come come, let's to the Tavern, and there talk of our Wives.

Surly. If I go, I bar that discourse.

Arth. It shall, it shall, come, come, we will not name 'em, we will not name 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *The Fields.*

Enter Petulant Easy *disguised like a* Gypsie.

Easy. I'm happily escap'd, not one pursues me, this shape's too cunning for 'em, and if I can but find Sir *General*, then all my hopes are crown'd. This is the Gypsies place of meeting, I wonder they are not come yet, what will become of me in this shape without my strange Companions? if I know where to go

I'm

I'm no diſſembler, and I'de not loſe that part of woman for ſuch a trifle.

Enter Bramble.

Bramb. Oh excellent! by this light here's one of 'em, by your leave Gypſie, pray how far off is your Company?

Eaſy. Oh happineſs, this is the merry fellow Sir *Arthur Twilight* keeps, I'le ſend him ſpeedily to Sir *General* with the news of my ſo ſtrange and fortunate eſcape, and hee'l provide my ſafety at an inſtant. [*Aſide.*] Do you not ſerve Sir *Arthur Twilight?*

Bram. Who, I ſerve, Gypſie? I ſcorn your motion, and if the reſt of your company give me no better words, I will hinder them the ſtealing of more Pullen then fifty Poulterers were ever worth, and prove a heavier enemy to all their Pig-Booties; they ſhall travail like *Jews*, and never get a Sow by the ear. I ſerve? I ſcorn to ſerve any body, I am more Gypſie-minded then ſo, though my face look of a Chriſtian colour, if my belly were ripp'd up, you ſhould find my heart as black as any patch about ye: the truth is, I am as errand a thief as the proudeſt in the company, I will except none, I am run away from my Maſter in the ſtate of a fool, and till I am a perfect knave I never mean to return again.

Eaſy. I am never the happier for this fortune now, it did but mock me.

Enter General Amorous.

Bram. But here comes my laſt Maſter, I muſt not be ſeen.

[*Exit* Bramble.

Eaſy. Yonder's Sir *Amorous*, O happy hour, my bluſhes come apace to ſhrowd my ſhame, thus let me hide 'em from him.

[*Puts on her Mask.*

Gen. This is certainly ſhe. Madam I am glad I have the happineſs of this occaſion to meet you here alone, far from the eyes of any Jealous Husband.

Eaſy. I have long wiſh'd it, and now I fear ſome ſtrange miſchance will croſs us.

Gen. Fear nothing Madam, but let's retire, the haſty Sun will ſoon withdraw its luſtre, and leave us Lovers in a bed of darkneſs, where we ſhall be wrap'd in pleaſures. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bramble.

Bram. Ha is he gone? what, and the Gypsie too? then am I lost again.

Enter Eudoria *disguis'd like a Gypsie.*

Eudo. Who's that, *Bramble?* then on my shrowd and hide me from his sight. [*Puts on her Mask.*

Enter a company of Gypsies, men and women with booties of Hens, &c. dancing and singing ridiculously, Bramble *seems overjoy'd.*

Bram. O sweet, they deserve to be hang'd for so ravishing of me.

Eudo. What will become of me? if I seem fearfull now, or offer sudden flight, I shall betray my self, I must do neither.

C. Gip. Ousabell, Camcheteroon, Puscatelion, Howsdrows.

2. Gip. Rumbos Stragadelion, alla Piskitch in sows Clows.

Bram. Piskitch in sows Clows! I shall never keep a good tongue in my head till I get this Language.

C. Gip. Umbra Fill, Kevoliden, Magropie. [*To* Eudoria.

Eud. I love your Language well but understand it not.

C. Gip. Ha!

Eud. I am but lately turn'd to your profession, yet from my youth I ever lov'd it dearly; steal I can, it was a thing I ever was brought up to; my Father was a *Miller*, my Mother a *Tayler's* Widow.

Bram. She is a thief on both sides.

C. Gip. Give me thy hand, we have not a more true bred thief among us.

Bram. Pray take me into some grace amongst you, for though I claim no goodness from my Parents to help me into your society, I had two Uncles that were both hang'd for Robberies, and a brave Cut-purse to my Cosen German: if Kindred will be taken, I am as near of kin to a thief as any of you that had Fathers and Mothers.

C. Gip. What is it thou requirest noble Cosin?

Bram. Cosin? nay if we are so near of kin already now we are sober, we shall be sworn brothers when we are drunk: the naked truth is, I would be made a Gipsie as fast as you could devise.

C. Gip.

C. Gip. A Gipsie?

Bram. Yes with all the speed you can sir, the very sight of those stoln Hens,eggs me forward notably.

C. Gip. Stretch forth thy hand Cuz, are thou fortunate?

Bram. Nay I cannot tell that my self, I have sometimes found mony in old shoes, but if I had not stoln more then I found, I had had but a scurvy thin cheek'd fortune of it.

C. Gip. Here's a fair table.

Bram. So hath many a man that hath given over house-keeping, a fair table when there is neither cloth nor meat upon it.

C. Gip. What a brave line of life is here! look Gipsies.

{*Whilst they discourse, the Gipsies pick his pocket.*

Bram. I have known as brave a life end in an halter.

C. Gip. But thou art born to precious fortune.

Bram. Ha! am I so?

C. Gip. Bette Buckettos.

Bram. How! to beat bucks?

C. Gip. Stealee Bacons.

Bram. Oh to steal bacon, that is the better fortune of the two indeed.

C. Gip. Thou wilt be shortly Captain of the Gipsies.

Bram. I would you'd make me Corporal in the mean time, or Standard-bearer to the womens Regiment.

C. Gip. Much may be done for love.

Bram. Nay here is some mony, I know an Office comes not all for love. [*searches his pockets but finds none.*

A pox of your lime-twigs you have it already.

C. Gip. It lies but here in cash for thy own use boy.

Bram. Nay if it lie there once,I shall hardly come to the fingering on't in hast, yet make me an apt scholar, and I care not, teach me but so much Gipsie to steal as much from another, and Old Nick do you good with that.

C. Gip. Thou shalt have all thy heart requires.
First here's a Girl for thy desires.[*Gives him a woman Gipsie.*
Look you prove industrious dealers,
To serve the Commonwealth with stealers,
That th'unhous'd Race of Fortune-tellers,
May never fail to cheat Town-dwellers:

Or to our universal grief,
Leave Country Fairs without a thief.
This is all you have to doe,
Save every hour a filch or two:
Which hoping you'll observe, to trie thee,
With Rusty Bacon thus I Gipsie-fie thee. [*Blacks his face.*

Bram. Do you use to doe it with Bacon?

C. Gip. Evermore.

Bram. By this light the Rats will take me now for some Hogs-cheek, and eat up my face when I am asleep: I shall have ne'r a bit left by to morrow morning, and lying open mouth'd as I us'd to do, I shall look for all the world like a mouse-trap baited with bacon.

C. Gip. Why here's a face like thine so done,
Only grain'd in by the Sun.
And this, and these.

Bram. Faith then there is a company of Bacon-faces of us; we are a kind of conscionable people, and it was well thought upon to steal bacon and black our faces with it; 'tis like one that commits sin, and writes his faults in his forehead.

C. Gip. Wit whither wilt thou?

Bram. Marry to the next pocket I can come at, and if it be a Landlords, I wish a whole years rent in it: is this my In Dock out Nettle? what's Gipsie for her?

C. Gip. Your Doxie she.

Bram. Oh right, are you my Doxie, sirrah?

Wo. Gip. I'll be thy Doxie and thy Dell,
With thee I'll live, for thee I'll steal.
From Fair to Fair, from Wake to Wake,
I'll ramble still for thy sweet sake.

Bram. Oh dainty fine Doxie, she speaks the Language as familiarly as if she were begot of a Canter.

Woman Gipsie sings.

Thus hand in hand let's hem him round,
And dance a measure on the ground.
We'll frolick first, then part from hence,
Each with his stock of impudence:
To Towns, to Cities, Fairs, and Fields,
And see what profit each one yields.

Then

Then to our Rendezvous we'l fly.
Be brisk, be drunk, be kind and die.

Here they dance. At the end of the dance, Enter Contentious Surly, *Sir* Arthur Twilight, *and Sir* Jeoffrey Jolthead, *the Gipsies seeing them, run off all but* Eudoria *and* Bramble.

Arth. Hey day, hey day, what a surprize is this!

[Eudoria *offers to go, is hindred by Sir* Arthur.

Nay, nay, Gipsie you shall not go, I'fack you shall not, I long to kiss a Gipsie, I do indeed; I am not so old yet but I can shake my leg under a hedge I'll warrant you, come, come, Gipsie, pull off your false face, and tell me my fortune.

[*Takes her aside and shows his hand.*

Geoff. And can you tell fortunes sirrah?

Bram. Culvario, legamuttanio.

Geoff. What a pox is that?

Bram. Shouldramaton, Katathumpton, Rob, bob, a Tumbrell.

Geoff. That Tumbrell I understand being a Magistrate, on, fellow, on, what say you to my hand?

Bram. Chitteroon High Gulleroon, Filcheroon, purse Fulleroon, Ousabell Camcheteroon, Pufcatelion Howsdrows.

Geoff. What a devil is this?

Bram. Rumbos Straggadelion, alla piskitch in sows clowsumbra fill Kevolliden Magropie.

Geoff. Pox on ye, speak *English*, or I'll make you, tell me of Magropies?

Bram. You are—— *Stares in his face, and all this while pretends to pick his pocket, but is discovered.*

Geoff. Ha Rogue, ha, is this your Pis'xitch in sows clows, and your Magropies? I'll Magropie you with a pox. [*Beats him.*

Bram. As I hope to be sav'd this is the first time, I am but a young Gipsie yet; alas I was Sir *Arthur's Bramble* till he beat me, and then I ran away, and entred my self amongst 'em.

Geoff. I'll enter you as I am a Magistrate. [*Beats him again.*

Arth. I'fack thou art a pretty Rogue, tells me all true by heaven: Oh I could eat your eyes out! On, on.

Eudo. Y'are an insufficient decrepit whoremaster, and deserve were I your wife to be—— ——

Arth. Chronicled, Id's indeed: but women may say what they

they pleaſe, they may indeed. Come, come, let you and I retire, yonder is a delicate hedge, where we will communicate all our good Parts together, we will indeed.

Eudo. What before you ſee my face?

Arth. No matter, no matter, you have good ſigns, good hands, good hips, and I believe good every thing; come, come, come, let us loſe no time, here's money before-hand, I'gad methinks I am a very vigorous Lover.

Eud. But I hope, to ſee my face, now you have ſo generouſly expos'd your gold, would be no trouble.

Arth. None in the world: introth it would raiſe, it would elevate my ſpirits to a height, it would indeed, and then I ſhall—

Eud. What, Sir *Arthur* [*Diſcovers her ſelf, all are amazed.* Be a perjur'd falſe diſſembling Hypocrite! are theſe your daily actions, theſe your haunts? could nothing but a Gipſie ſerve your turn? is age ſo hot, ſo fierce in his deſires? have I with tears wept if you were but abſent, mourn'd like a turtle when my mate was from me, and all for this return?

Surly. This is ſome trick, ſome trick upon my life, and ten to one my honour is concern'd in't; I'll after the Gipſies, perhaps my wife is amongſt 'em, I'll ſee, and ſearch every man and woman in the company but I will find her out. [*Exit* Surly.

Bram. My Miſtreſs a Gipſie? nay then there is hopes for me.

Eud. Keep off, now I abhor you. [*Arthur ſeems to intreat.*

Arth. Nay dear Spouſe, 'twas but a freak, a little freak indeed.

Geoff. Come, come, forgive him Madam, 'troth I have done as much my ſelf.

Bram. Pray Madam forgive him that Sir *Geoff.* may forgive me.

Arth. Nay, nay, dear Chuck, what, be your Husband's mortal enemy? why, who would have taken you for a Gipſie? Nay, nay, come, you ſhall forgive me. [*Gives her a Ring.*

Eud. I do Sir, but have a care for the future.

Arth. I will never look upon a woman beſides thy ſelf again, indeed I will not. Sir *Geoffrey*, you muſt forgive *Bramble* too, then all are friends.

Geoff. With all my heart, but have a care hereafter.

Bram. I'll warrant you Sir.

Arth. Come Sir *Geoff.* you ſhall along with me and ſee *Emelia.*

How more then happy is the marriage life,
When man is bleſt with ſuch a vertuous Wife. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Secundi. ACT III.

ACT III.

SCENE, *A Grove.*

Enter as out of it, Sir General Amorous, *and* Easy *mask'd.*

Gen. THIS is the greatest blessing Heav'n (and you) could give me. How many minutes have we had of precious sweet delight! Oh let me dwell upon these hands a while, and breath my soul into each trilling Pore: thy melting lips have made me all a charm, and when I cast my arms about thy neck, I thought I grasp'd a God; the darkness of the Covert could not shade thy piercing beauty from me, for through those thick and darksome Clouds of Night, I could behold the glances of thy Eyes, which shot fresh joys into my panting heart.

Easy. You're pleas'd to jest.

Gen. Not I by Heaven, all, all I say is earnest; pull back that Cloud, and let me view your glories: let me behold you in the height of blushes, that I may say you charm at every Action.

[Easy *pulls off her mask*, Generous *starts.*

Ha! have I embrac'd a stale, a cast off *Amoret*, is this the hopes I had of fair *Endoria*, have I bestow'd a Ring of fifty pound upon I know not what?

Easy. What ayle you Sir?

Gen. Nothing Madam, nothing, onely the apprehension of the danger, and the mistrust your Husband will have of you when he shall find you absent, I must confess did something start my spirits, but now 'tis off again. But oh! the Ring!

Easy. Name not that senseless thing again, a Husband is e'ne a clog of life, I'm of a humour free, and unconfin'd, and court for pleasure in the man I love.

Gen. True Madam, 'tis most sweet; when love and freedom meet, a Husband is a kind of dull Animal, created to bear the name of Father, whilest we happy men enjoy with freedom what he fondly thinks himself monopolizeth.

Easy. Then they're so jealous too.

Gen. They are indeed, and that first prompts their wives to new desires: I never yet knew a man jealous, but he had the just rewards his madness merited.

Enter Contentious Surly.

Heavens! here's your Husband coming, on, on with the mask, and haste home with all the speed you can before morning, expect me to give you freedom. {*Exit* Easy, Surly *going after her, is stop'd by* General Amorous.

Mr. *Surly* your servant. I vow I am happy in finding you in this solitary place, my thoughts wanted companions.

Surly. And so they are like still, I cannot stay.

Gen. Were your haste requisite I would not stop you, but with your friend you might dispense some time.

Surly. I cannot, nor I will not.

Gen. Indeed you must sir.

Surly. Must?

Gen. Yes sir, you must: I have not forgot how in your last frantick fit you pleas'd to stain my honour, and with such words.

Surly. I have no leisure now.

Gen. To fight I know you have not, nor never had; you wear a sword indeed, but for what use I know not, unless to frighten fools, bully with cowards, or draw on every Link-boy.

Surly. Prithee, I can stay no longer. {*Forces from him and Exit.*

Gen. He's gone as full of rage as jealousie, pray Heaven he overtake her not, but sure she has more wit then to go the direct path, which he I'm sure will follow. Was ever man so cheated? how came I to mistake *Eudoria*, and light upon this *Easy*? it must needs be the treachery of *Spywell*.

Enter Spywell.

Spy. Was ever man so unfortunate?

Gen. Was ever man so treacherous?

Spy. To have an Assignation from a Lady, and shun the blessing of it.

Gen. I am plain and do not speak in Hieroglyphicks, did not you send *Petulant Easy* disguis'd, as you told me *Eu-*

doria

doria design'd to be, to the place appointed for our meeting.

Spy. Not I by Heaven.

Gen. Then the Devil did, that's certain; for I no sooner came to th' Rendezvous, but *Easy* habited and mask'd as you described *Eudoria*, with open Arms received me, and led me to this Grove; where after a few common ceremonies, love-toys, and the like, I presented her with a Ring I borrowed of Sir *Arthur Twilight*, still taking her for *Eudoria*, but coming to the light, and the dark Cloud withdrawn, I found my strange mistake.

Spy. The same hapned to *Eudoria*, who full of love came to the place appointed, and there unfortunately met with Sir *Arthur*.

Gen. Confusion!

Spy. He mistaking her for a Gipsie, made a deal of ridiculous Love to her, which she accepted, but coming to the height of all his passion, and fill'd with a licentious kind of Dotage, she discovered her self to the old Lecher, who was glad to make his peace on any terms.

Gen. Oh I could grasp her now into my soul! she is the most deserving of womenkind, but how to let her know the strange mistake, is past my power to imagine.

Spy. Leave that to me, haste to Sir *Arthur Twilight*, and there pretend (as you may very well) a Journey out of Town, and by the way declare your love to *Easy*, and hatred to *Contentious Surly*, tell him you long to be reveng'd, and know no way but one, which is to take his Wife with you.

Gen. Make him a *Pander*?

Spy. Wee'l do't ne'er fear, he loves to view a Cuckold, but hates to see himself; Come, let's be gone, I'll tell you as we walk, with what you must possess him: as for *Eudoria*, leave her to me, if I prepare her not may I never design again.

Gen. Thou art a real servant, and lovest thy Master's pleasure.

How many various Charms round Women move!
Each has some strange Intreague to make us Love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Sir* Arthur's *House.*

Enter Sir Geoffry Jolthead, Emelia *and* Flora.

Geoff. But what say you Ladies, how could you affect my person? am I not all Air, ha? why, we Country Magistrates are such taking things, that you *Londoners* run almost stark mad of us. I am as sprightly as any bawdy Citizen of you all; I can drink, I can swear, I can roar, I can serenade, and besides all that, I can ——but 'tis no matter.

Flor. Nay there is no doubt Sir, but you are are all vigour, and methinks I could love a Country Gentleman with all my heart.

Eme. And so could I, especially a Country Magistrate, they look with so much Grace, and sit at the Bench just like——

Geoff. We do so, we do so indeed, —— just like what, my Dear?

Eme. A Baboon looking an Alderman's head.

Geoff. Out upon thee wag, a Baboon is a beastly lascivious Creature: but go on, go on, you have leave to jeast.

Flor. I am not of your mind Sister, I love a Magistrate, especially when he is asleep, he nods so prettily, and then he is so quiet, unless now and then he snore out a learned Sentence.

Geoff. Still, still you are wags, meer wags i'faith; but go on, go on, methinks I love to hear you.

Eme. I've done jesting Sir, alas my fit lasts but a little while, and then I am so melancholy; and yet methinks I could love you, would you forbear that hard hearted trick of seeing women whip'd at the House of Correction.

Geoff. I never use it, indeed I do not, but I know some of your *London* Justices do, it is a kind of pleasure to 'em, and I dare say saves 'em many a crown in the year.

Emel. Oh now I love you strangely, could you —— but I dare not speak before my Sister —— Could you love me Sir?

Geoff. Beyond the world, why I could eat you Madam.

Emel. What and keep me like a Lady?

Geoff. Oh like a Countess, you shall have all, all that your heart desires, and live so pleasantly.

Emel.

Emel. But would you never turn me off?

Geoff. Never, never by this hand.

Emel. Nor keep another?

Geoff. Sooner a Devil, believe me Madam——

This is the yieldingest little Female I ever saw. [*Aside.*

Emel. I'm loth to try you though, you men are so deceitfull.

Geoff. Courtiers and Shopkeepers, I grant you, they seldome or never keep their words, but we Countrymen are as true as steel.

Emel. How shall we come together?

Geoff. How! as man and woman should.

Emel. But by what means?

Geoff. Ay by what means,——I think some disguise——

Emel. You've thought upon it, habit your self like a *Quaker*, and come at twelve this night, you'l see a candle in my window, hem twice, and I'll come down and let you in, the habit's grave and will keep off suspicion.

Geoff. It will indeed, oh let me kiss your hand.

Emel. Apon you shall enough, farewell.

You shall be Mrs. Sir *Geoffry*, or I'll lose my aim. [*Exit* Emelia.

Geoff. Was ever Country Magistrate so fortunate? sure never. I am an *Adonis*, that's certain.

Flor. My Sister and you have had a long discourse Sir.

Geoff. Something we did talk of, but not much.

This Chicken has a mind to be doing too I find it. [*Aside.*

Alas she is all anger, and looks upon me as the Devil look'd over *Lincoln*.

Flor. I should have been kinder had you made your addresses to me; but her Charms are so great, so many, and so powerfull, it was not in the power of man to stand against 'em.

Geoff. Your Sister is so, so, but i'faith you have twenty beauties to one of hers: methinks your Eyes are——but 'tis no matter, I dare not look upon 'em, if you prove hard hearted like your Sister.

Flor. Try me Sir, I hope you'l find me otherwise.

Geoff. Then a woman I would not, for 'tis their glory to frown on all; but could I be so happy, to gain a place within you soft affection, how would I strive to make me worthy of you.

Flor. You are already, ——heigh ho [*Sighs.*

Geoff. Come sigh no more, I find you love me dearly.

Flor. But will you not betray me? tell my Sister, and lay me open to her Scorn and Laughter?

Geoff. Not I by Heav'n, Pox I'll be hang'd and damn'd first.

Flor. Nor forsake me?

Geoff. Never.

Flor. Give me your hand, I am yours then; to morrow I will pretend a sickness, and send for you as a most learn'd Physitian: but be secret.

Geoff. As a Physitian ought, I'll warrant you.

Flor. That done——but tell no body.

Geoff. Pox take me if I do.

Flor. And the Room clear'd ——but be silent as you respect my Honour.

Geoff. Fear not, I have more respect to a Ladies honour than so.

Flor. I'll leave the rest to you: you are wise enough to manage Love affairs. Farewell. [*Ex.* Flora.

Geoff. If I fail, may I never have such fair Assignations again: a Quaker and a Doctor? two excellent disguises to get Maiden-heads in; I am Ravish'd, that's certain; a Quaker and a Doctor? oh excellent! [*Ex.* Geoffry Jolthead.

Enter Eudoria, *reading a Letter.*

Eud. *Th' Excuse is fair, and sounds like reall Truth; but what he prompts me to's so full of dangerous hazards, I fear to undertake it.* ——*Wait in the Garden Mask'd* [Reads. *and in your Night-gown, and there expect th'event.*——*What should it mean? What Plot's in action now? Why should I ask that question, or doubt the firmness of it, when Love is chief Conductor? I will venture it, attend the hour, and wish to see th' Event: Love cannot injure Love, nor dare it think on any cruell thought; or if it dare, I will be arm'd against it.* [Ex. *Eudoria.*

Enter

Enter as in diſcourſe Sir Arthur Twilight *and Sir* Generall Amorous.

Arth. Contentious Surlys Wife?

Gen. The ſame Sir.

Arth. In my Garden?

Gen. Yes Sir, for Love has made her look for ſuch a ſhift to free her from his Tyrannous Jealouſy, and I choſe this courſe before any other, not only to make us ſport, but to reap my wiſh'd for Ends.

Arth. A pretty and moſt pleaſant project! who would not ſtrain a point of Neighbourhood for ſuch a quaint device? I'll go fetch her preſently.

Gen. How the Old villain joys in Villany. [*Ex. Sir* Arth.

Enter Sir Arthur.

Arth. Sir *Generall*, Sir *Generall*, a rare Device.

Gen. What yet again? what Strategem have you now?

Arth. The beſt that ever was, I'll fetch my Wife's Gown which you may put upon *Petulant Eaſy*, that if he chance to meet her, he may not have the leaſt ſuſpect but take her for *Eudoria*.

Gen. That I have done already, and ſo diſguis'd and mask'd ſhe waits you in the Garden.

Arth. I'll fetch her preſently, Lord, Lord, how it pleaſes me to think upon *Contentious*, poor man ha, ha, ha, I laugh to think how he will rave, when he ſhall miſs his Wife, a Cuckold, o law a Cuckold! ha, ha, ha. [*Ex. Laughing.*

Gen. Now nothing ſure can croſs me, this night I ſhall enjoy *Eudoria* and revell in the pleaſures of her Love, what will Sir *Arthur* ſay when he ſhall miſs his Wife? he can but vex or perhaps hang himſelf, let him do either, all's one to me ſo I but enjoy his Wife.

Enter Arthur, *bringing in* Eudoria *in a Night-gown Mask'd.*

Arth. I have her, I fack Sir *Generall* I have; poor ſoul how ſhe ſhakes, come, come Madam fear nothing, Sir *Generall* is a pleaſant Wag, he is indeed a very pleaſant Wag; and I dare ſay loves you with his heart, truely he does, Lord lord, how ſhe tran-

transports me! I am in love with her too, and methinks I could——but let that alone, ——let that alone.

Gen. Pardon me Madam, the great desire I had to see you before I went from *London*, made me so importunate.

Arth. You are not, indeed you are not, what importunate? no, no, no, Sir *Generall* loves to Complement, he does indeed, but come let's goe, I sack we must drink before we part.

Gen. Nay, now the Rascall's troublesome.

Arth. Come Mr. *Amorous*, what at a stand? come follow me, I'll lead you to a Glass of the best Tent in *London*, I will indeed, a glass of that, and half a dozen Eggs will make me as vigorous as a Lover of Eighteen, it will indeed. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Emelia *and* Flora.

Eme. Where is Sir *Arthur*?

Flor. Gone out, but where, I know not.

Eme. If he stay abroad but long enough 'tis well.

Flor. Pray Sister what do you intend to doe with Sir *Geoffry*?

Emel. What? make an Ass of him. I'll help his zeal to a Mistriss, and fit him to a hair I'll warrant him.

Flor. Why, will you let him in?

Emel. Yes, and conduct him to our Masking Room, where by the help of the Trap-doors I doubt not to effect what I desire: I have already prepared our Scullion, who when the Candle is out, shall enter for a woman and perform my part, he is shaved on purpose, and I do not fear but he will banter him bravely.

Flor. He comes to me to morrow, if the affront you put upon him dash not all his hopes.

Emel. That you must salve again, by railing at me for the injury I did to Sir *Geoffry*; for his part he is so good natur'd hee'l soon believe you.

Flor. I would not lose the Opportunity for all my hopes of marriage.

Emel. Sister it grows late, within this half hour I expect him.

Flor. Let us part then. Pray Heaven the Lecher comes.

Emel. Nothing more sure, be near to see th' event.

Flor. I'll warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *A Tavern.*

Enter Sir General Amorous, *and Sir* Arthur Twilight, *Leading* Eudoria *mask'd.*

Arth. Come, come, Madam, you are ſo melancholy, ſo all a mort; Sir *General*, pray come and comfort the Lady.

Gen. Sir *Arthur*, I muſt beg you to officiate my place for a minute, whileſt I go down and diſpatch a little buſineſs.

[*Exit* General Amorous.

Arth. Bleſt Opportunity! ſhe is right I'll warrant her, or elſe ſhe would not leave her Huſband to run away with a Gallant, but it is common i'fack, very common. Come Lady let us ſit down together, you look ſo like my Wife that I could eat you, nay come, this coyneſs not becomes you.—[Eudoria *ſits at a diſtance.* Nearer a little, nearer yet, let me, let me feel your hand; a delicate ſoft moiſt palm upon my word; very good ſymptoms indeed, let me ſee, good breaſts too, Lord, Lord, how ſhe charms me! nearer yet dear Lady, ſhe is a delicate Creature, and has all the ſymptoms of a Miſs about her. Pray Madam off with your maſk, that baſe injurious thing—[Eudoria *points to the Candle.*] Ha! put out the Candle? I underſtand her meaning, i'fack I do.

[*Puts out the Candle.* Eudoria *ſteals out.*

Now Madam I have perform'd your orders, I hope you will allow me the honour of your Lip, your cherry Lip, your roſie Cheeks, your dainty Teeth, your ſoft moiſt Palm, but here's enough of that; come dear Lady let us hug one another; nay you ſhall not deny me, you know I know you, come little Wag, you know I do; what, keep from your friend and ſervant? nay, nay, if you are run into a corner I'll after you, i'faith I will.

[*Gropes to find her out, and falls over the ſtooles.*

Enter Petulant Eaſy.

Eaſy. Thus far I have dog'd Sir *General*, and was inform'd below, he and a Lady were above together, which if I find, and ſee apparent falſhood in the man I love, I'll ſtudy for revenge, and in his death blot out my ſhame for ever.

Arth. Madam, dear Madam, nay now you are unkind, indeed you are Lady, dear Lady. { *Gropes about, at length seizes* Petulant Easy.

Ha, have I caught you Wag, ha? come, come, let us solace our selves, let us enjoy one another, come, come, I am ready again, I am indeed, the fall did not hinder much.

Easy. What are you Sir?

Arth. A man, a man, a vigourous old man i'fack, come, come,

Easy. You are mistaken in the woman sure.

Arth. No but I am not, these soft moist hands are a good sign, i'faith they are.

Easy. A sign of what Sir?

Arth. A stirring, brisk, airy, lively, sprightly woman; one that will kiss and hug, and hug and kiss, and kiss and hug to a miracle i'faith.

Easy. Nay if you are rude I'll leave you.

Arth. But you shall not, come, come, be pliant, Sir *Amorous* will be here presently, and then our sport is spoil'd, come, come, dear Lady. [*Embraces her close.*

Enter Drawer with a Light.

Draw. Shift for your self, or you're undone for ever, *Contentious Surly* is below, in such a rage, as if the *Spanish* Devil Jealousy were dancing in his eyes; he swears he dog'd you hither, and nothing can satisfie him but search the house he must.

Arth. Surly below? O law, what's to be done now?

Draw. Here, here, into this Closet, if he should chance to take you 'twill be but as a jeast.

Arth. Make hast, make hast, would it were over once.

{ *Easy and Sir* Arthur *enter into the Closet, the* Drawer *locks the door and Exit.*

Enter Contentious Surly *with a Light.*

Surly. O damn'd Creature! can nothing keep her honest? [*Looks about the Stage.*

Not here, the jilting Quean has tricks, and shifts her shape as often as a Witch, she's here for certain, and must not scape my Inquisition. [*Breaks open the Closet.*

Ha!

Ha! have I found you Madam? and you lecherous Sir? come out ye pair of sinners, and let the world be witness of my shame.

[*Sir* Arthur *and* Easy *come out.*

Easy. What shame, to be in a Closet with an old man alone? is that your wonder Sir? nay with such an old man as has nothing but desire about him.

Arth. Not I by Heaven, I am an Eunuch Sir.

Surly. You are a Devil Sir, a Goatish Devil; and were it not for the respect I have to your black souls, which I would not take so unprepared, I'de send you both to Hell immediately.

Easy. Do hasty Husband, I dare you do your utmost; strike, 'tis a woman bids you, where is your fury now? if you have any I'll raise it to a pitch, and leave you in the height on't. Know I hate thee, and all thy surly humours, and will never be slave to a Jealous Husband more. Farewell, if you dare see the Monster, I will make you home to your Glass and view your self.

[*Exit* Easy.

Surly. Brave, I am a Beast all over, a publick noted Beast, and she a Devil, howe're she shall not 'scape me. [*Exit* Surly.

Arthur. If this be the effects of whoring, I have done with it: pray Heaven *Eudoria* hear not of it.

Enter Drawer.

Where is Sir *General Amorous?*

Draw. He and the Lady you brought in just now took Coach together.

Arth. The Lady, what Lady? ——

Draw. The Lady in the Night-gown.

Arth. Was there a Lady besides *Easy* then?

Draw. Yes, a delicate sweet Creature, much like your Wife.

Arth. How? my Wife, my Wife? by Heaven it may be so indeed! I have a strong suspicion for it, I shall run mad, mad, stark mad; my Wife, my Wife, my Wife, I am a Cuckold, I am, I am, I am indeed, a damn'd procuring Cuckold.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Sir* Arthur's *House.*

Enter Sir Geoffry Jolthead, *like a Quaker.*

Geoff. I am transformed, I am another Creature, and have the tone of the Brethren, pray Heaven I may have the success too, but not to be tos'd out of a Balcony: that is *Emelia's* Chamber, I find it by the Light, now to my sign, Hum, hum.

Enter Emelia *above.*

Emel. Who's there?

Geoff. Thy Brother *Zachariah*, who desires to meet thee in the way of the Faithfull.

Emel. I will descend, thy presence is most gratefull.

[*Exit Above.*

Geoff. Now for a night of pleasure, i'faith it will tast the sweeter, because we act like Brethren: Oh those dear debauch'd Brethren! how many merry nights they spend with a Go in, Increase, and Multiply.

Enter Emelia.

Emel. Enter *Zachariah*, thou hast a Sister's leave.

Geoff. And I will perform the part of a Holy Brother.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Arthur Twilight.

Arth. Eudoria, Wife *Eudoria* I say, what out of doors at this time? where shall I seek this Gad-fly? why Wife I say: she's gone, she's gone, a pox of the *Salutation Tavern*, she's gone with Sir *Amorous*, I find she is, a Coach, a Coach, a Coach, a hundred pound for a Coach.

Enter Spywell.

Spy. That was Sir *Arthur's* voice, now to my posture: Confusion take me if e're I serve again. [*Runs against Sir* Arthur.

Arth. Who's there?

Spy. One that resolves never to serve a Rambling man again.

Arth. This is *Spywell*, I may learn something from him. [*Aside.*

Did you serve a Rambling Master then?

Spy.

Spy. Yes a common Whoremaster? no longer agoe than this Evening he run away with a very Worthy Gentlemans Wife.

Arth. Ha! did he so, did he so, what Gentleman, friend?

Spy. A very Worthy man indeed, one Sir *Arthur Twilight*.

Arth. Confusion! I am the Cuckold then—— [*Aside.*

Spy. But were I he, I would——

Arth. What?

Spy. In some disguise search out the lecherous goat, and damn 'em both together.

Arth. Ay, ay, but what disguise?

Spy. They now are at the Rose, drinking, carrowsing, and in a height of Jollity; but would he goe guis'd like an old Fidler, and take his man in a strange habit with him, he might perhaps revenge, and keep himself from being made a Cuckold.

Arth. He might indeed, he shall about it streight; thanks honest Friend, he shall about it presently. [*Ex. Sir* Arthur.

Spy. This will be Mirth to Admiration: I could e'en hug my self to think upon the Credulous fool, I must not lose him though.

The bliss of Life whilst *Mars* and *Venus* rules
Is to project for Wise-men, Cuckold Fools. [*Exit.*

SCENE *A Chamber.*

Sir Geoffry Jolthead *and* Emelia *are discovered imbracing.*

Emi. Nay, you are too vigorous, Brother.

Geoff. My Zeal is hot, I am inflam'd, my Spirits are on fire.

Emi. After our Ceremonies are perform'd, we will like holy Brethren meet and love together.

First with this Powder I'll perfume your Face,
Then with this Band your tender Wrists Embrace.
Well scented thus with all your Vigour move,
Turn three times round, and then enjoy your Love.

{*Blacks his Face, and ties his Hands behind him,*
{*then puts out the Candle and Exits.*

Enter an Old man *dress about the head like a Woman.*

Geoff. I come, I come, I come, this is one of the prettiest devices in the whole Creation. Madam, Lady *Emelia*, what not answer me? Nay then i'faith have at you, I am old Dog at Buff; I could play at Blind-mans Buff naturally, ha, that was a shroad Mistake. Why Lady, dear little Rogue; where are you, ha? there I touch'd you; faith have I got you, have I, have I? nay now I will make you kiss me, and hug me, and imbrace me, and O my dear little Rogue. *Runs against something and breaks the string that bound his Hands.*

Having caught the Old man, *he Kisses and Embraces him till a Table with two Candles upon it rises.*

Bless me! what have I got here?

Old man. Nothing but an *Old man* indeed Sir.

Geoff. An Old Devil are you not? begon Wizard or I'll make you *Kicks the* Old man *off, returns again, and is let down under the Stage.*

O Devil, Devil, Devil! Whither am I going now? help, help, help.——

SCENE *Covent Garden.*

Enter Sir Arthur Twilight *with a Cymball, and* Bramble *with a Violin, both disguis'd.*

Arth. Come *Bramble*, we shall find her anon I am sure on't.

Bramb. Would we could Master, for I am half afraid to walk abroad so late.

Arth. No danger, no danger *Bramble*: O that we could but find 'em, I would Roguefy my Amorous Gentleman, i'fack I would.

Musick and a Noise of Singing as in the Streets.

Bramb. Ha, the Roaring Boys are abroad Master, and if we stay here any longer we shall be kill'd for certain.

Musick and Singing again as nearer.

Arth. They are coming indeed, they are near us now, what shall we doe *Bramble*? O here's honest *Spymell*.

Enter

Enter Spywell *with a Light.*

Spy. So so you're well disguis'd. Now, now Sir is your time; Sir *Generall Amorous* and your Wife are enteredthere, there in that publick Tavern, they've sent to see for Musick: now if you dare venture to pass amongst the Gang, I will conduct you to 'em.

Arth. With all my heart, Oh I long to see 'em.

Spy. Where taken for Musicians, you may stand unsuspected, and behold all their Transactions.

Arth. Make hast, make hast, O how I long to see 'em!

[*Exeunt. Manet* Spywell.

Spy. Which you shall do, doubt not, and suffer for your Curiosity.

Rais'd to a height, he from the top shall fly
To perish by his Rage and Jealousy.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE *The Streets.*

Enter Sir Geoffry Jolthead.

Geoff. I Am out again, thanks to my good fortune: if this be Love and Enjoyment, the Devil take it for me; 'twas twenty to one I had not broke my Neck when I fell into the Cellar, my Mistress *Emelia* was a little civill I confess to leave a Light below, otherwise I might have slept amongst the hogsheads: I have lost all my stomach to Womans flesh, and shall never have a good opinion of the Sex as long as I live again.

Enter Twiford.

Twif. My Lord your servant, I vow I am extream glad to see you, your Honourable Cousins are all in good health, and every

every thing goes extraordinarily well indeed. I just now came from *France*, and truely every thing there is in a very good posture: his most Christian Majesty would fain have laid his Commands upon me to have been his *Generalissimo*, but I hearing the English Drums beat up for Volunteers, came to pay my Respects to my very good Friend and Cousin, and to serve under the noble Banner of *England*.

Geoff. What a Pox is the meaning of this?

Twif. My Lord I cannot but commend your meen and garb, upon my honour you are all over very charming, and look like one of the honourable family of the Soft-heads, I hope my Cousin *Richard*, and his extraordinary obliging friend *Thomas* are in perfect health.

Geoff. Yea Sir. What a pox ails he? [*Aside.*

Twif. And my Lady *Grace*, and Madam *Pru*, and that extream obliging Lady Madam *Text*, I vow I long to see e'm, but my extraordinary business in Town, has hindred me from their Society. Why I'll tell your Cousin, I am just now going to serenade Madam *Emelia*, upon my honour she's fort obleigant.

Geoff. She is all abomination, and musick is the wind-pipe of *Lucifer*.

Twif. But mark you Cousin, mine is no wind musick, first, here is a Tin Pot, which besides its excellent vertues of making a delicious, sweet, charming, melodious sound, serves at a shift to drink out of; then here is an Extinguisher, and here a Drumstick, all which meeting together, make an excellent harmony; you shall hear it Cousin. [*Plays upon his Pot, and sings ridiculously.*

Geoff. Avant *Satan*, these are not the Devices of the Brethren, be gone with your Galemofry of Noises, or I shall rebuke thee, mark you?

Twif. How do you like the musick, my Lord?

Geoff. Be gone I say, you disturb the ears of the faithfull.

Twif. But Cousin——

Geoff. I will not hear thee, vanish thou *Hocus Pelabrius*, or look you, thus I will force you. [*Pushes him off.*

Twif. But my Lord, nay Cousin, my Lord, I say——— [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Contentious Surly.

Surly. She has ſcap'd my rage again, and unleſs ſhe be at home I know not where to ſeek her. [*Knocks.*

Geoff. What lewd diſturber is that?

Surly. 'Sdeath hold thy tongue. [*Knocks again.*

Geoff. I ſay thou haſt evil intentions, and deſigneſt to rob the houſe of my friend.

Surly. Thy friend! who art thou?

Geoff. A faithfull Brother, by Name *Geoffrius, Zacharias Jolt.*

Surly. Strange! I ſhould know that voice, are you Sir *Geoffry?*

Geoff. Yea, I am the man, now tell me, who art thou?

Surly. My name's *Contentious Surly.*

Geoff. The Devil it is? what my good Friend and Landlord? i'faith I have been frolicking of it to night, I have i'faith: and how goes ſquares with thee, ha boy?

Surly. Faith croſs, extreamly croſs, my Wife has given me two ſlips for a Teaſter, and is run the Devil knows whither.

Geoff. That's fine i'faith; would I could meet her, ſhe kiſſes ſmartly, and has the Town ways to a hair i'faith. [*Aſide.* Is ſhe not at home?

Surly. That's all the hope remains.

Geoff. Let's knock and enter, if they refuſe break open the doors.

Surly. Agreed. { Surly *knocks a good while, at length breaks open the doors.*

Geoff. That's well ſaid i'faith, enter and ſearch, we ſhall find her in a corner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *A Tavern.*

Enter Sir General Amotous, Eudoria *and* Spywell.

Gen. Is all prepar'd?

Spy. All's in a readineſs to entertain Sir *Arthur.*

Gen. Then let in the Maſquerading Ladies, and bid the Fidlers approach. [*Exit* Spywell.

Come Madam, on with your Mask, to night we will enjoy our loves without disturbance, and smile upon the Jealous Fool thy Husband, whose curiosity shall lead him to his ruine.

End. I fear hee'l know me.

Gen. Let him, he shall not dare to touch you, nor gaze upon you with the eyes of anger: to animate his rage chuse him out to Dance with you, I have ordered another to make choice of *Bramble*, who will also at the appointed time leave him with his Credulous Master, and both shall be convey'd so great a distance from us, that scarce his cries shall enter to disturb our joys.

End. I'm too hard hearted to a Jealous Husband.

Gen. Would you be kind to him and ruine me? would you destroy me on the virge of bliss, or kill what you have made? I should not urge had you content at home, but being rob'd of such a weighty blessing, and made a starveling to the joys of Wedlock, I come with real and hearty zeals, to give you those pleasures his Age and Impotence deny'd.

End. I'm too far entred now to make retreat without the loss of Honour, I must be yours for ever; but use me kindly, lest the strange surprize should kill my blooming hopes.

Enter Spywell *with Fidlers and Ladies, amongst whom are Sir* Arthur, Bramble *and* Petulant Easy *disguis'd, all the men and women are mask'd but the Fidlers.*

Spy. Come, Come Gentlemen, strike up, and let the musick of the Sphears speak loud, whilest they employ their feet in Dancing Measures.

{ Eudoria *and a Lady go to take out Sir* Arthur *and* Bramble, *who deny a great while, but at length yield and join with them. A Dance. All Dance off but Sir* Arthur, Spywell, Bramble, *and* Easy, *who all continue dancing but* Easy.

Easy. 'Tis she, I know it; perfidious man you shall not 'scape my fury, must I be thus rewarded for my Favours, and not study a requital? rise up black revenge, and teach me to be cruel; teach me to act as bloody *Nero* did, that in my height of love and vengeance I may damn both, both their black souls together.

[*Exit* Easy. *They cease Dancing.*

Arth. Ha! gone?

Spy. Yes, yes Sir, come hither, both direct your eyes that way, and there behold what would confound a man not arm'd with so much reason——What see you Sir?

Arth. Nothing.

Spy. Nor you?

Bram. Not I by *Jove.*

Spy. Look, look, I see 'em kissing, there, there, like wanton Turtles they're billing both together.

Arth. Where, where?

Spy. There, there. {*Stamps, Sir* Arthur *and* Bramble *are let down under the Stage, they cry help.*

Now you are safe enough, and secur'd from all disturbance; and Sir *General Amorous* may now in peace enjoy the fair *Eudoria*; all the reward I hope for is success. Projecting is my genuine Mistress, and in my brain I lodge the soft Belov'd, and treat her minutely with pleasing Embryo's, which by the moderate heat of smooth desires, are lull'd into perfections, which at once create and give me pleasures.

These harmless plots perhaps may seem unjust,
But when such loads you adde to one man's trust,
Blame not projections if they onely prove
A Servants care t'obtain a Masters love. [*Exit.*

SCENE *A Bed-chamber.*

Sir General Amorous *and* Eudoria *are discovered sitting by the Bed side.*

Gen. Come blush no more, I am thy Husband now, and with a Passion more innate then his, I will exhilirate thy soul, and lead thy senses in a Sea of pleasures, where, arm in arm, wee'l wanton 'twixt the Waves, and every minute find new pastimes out, revel in joys of uncontroul'd delights, and dwell for ever in this bright *Elyzium.*

End. You've nam'd a word which bates me of my hopes, and dashes all those thoughts I just now dream't of.

Gen. It shall be banish'd quite, or like a foyle stand still to heighten pleasure, what was't *Eudoria?*

End. Nothing but Husband Sir: that very word curbs all my joys, and prompts me to a sense, that all's imaginary.

Gen. What frown of fate can take you from my bosome, or rob me of the treasure I embrace?

Enter Spywell.

Spy. Sir I have done the work.

Gen. Is he safe?

Spy. As a thief in a mill, ne'r fear it; but here's one danger yet unconquer'd, the jealous *Easy*, who (it seems mistrusting you were here) came as a Masquerader, and after the dance, followed you and *Eudoria*, and had doubtless surpriz'd you here, but that the *Drawer* by meer force kept her back.

Gen. What, must I be prevented then?

Spy. Sir you had best go and appease her rage, perhaps she'l hear your reasons.

Gen. I will, but with a curse able enough to damn her.

[*Exeunt. Manet* Eudoria.

Enter Petulant Easy.

Easy. Where's this unconstant man, and this false treacherous woman? Oh let my anger meet 'em both, and in one breath confound 'em.

Eud. What's this?

Easy. Nothing lascivious Lady but the force of love, and you if you had any grace might think it so, how durst you look upon that faithless man, or entertain the least thoughts of such a loose desire, and not tremble? I am all fury, and could shoot such killing glances on you, which would (but you're so practis'd in the art already) reduce you to a heap of earth again. Base treacherous woman!

Eud. I understand you not.

Easy. Then I'll be plainer, you are a——

Eud. Woman, and so are you, both married women too, and love Sir *General* both.

Easy. Your Husband shall know all.

Eud. So shall *Contentious* too: but talk is frivolous, and may perhaps hinder a new appointment. Farewell. [*Exit* Eudoria.

Easy. Brave! she has impudence enough to stock the Sex in general. How shall I be reveng'd? I'll haste to find Sir *Arthur*, tell him her crimes, and urge him to revenge.

Thus to be slighted, now I all have giv'n,
Calls for confusion, and revenge from Heav'n. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *The Streets.*

Enter Contentious Surly, *and Sir* Geoffry Jolt.

Geoff. Nay, nay, be patient man, what! fret for the loss of a woman? one that loves pleasure? pox on her let her go, let her go, you and I will to a Bawdy house, and there solace our selves, ha? shall we boy, ha?

Surly. No Sir.

Geoff. What not to a Bawdy house? let's to a Tavern then, drink and be drunk, and kiss every woman we meet.

Surly. I am not given to the Flesh so much Sir.

Geoff. Nor I neither, but I do it in revenge, I will lye with twenty women successively, and all to be reveng'd of one; but thou hast a Wife.

Surly. Damnation seize her, why should I of all the world be made so wretched? why should my fate be so severe, so cruel? No one can see I am a Cuckold, but I know I am, there, there's the plague on't.

Enter Flora *mask'd.*

Flo. I cannot sleep to night for thinking on Sir *Geoffry*, oh how I long to see him! the great affront my Sister put upon him, I fear will keep him from me, which makes me venture at this unseasonable hour to find him out, and wheadle him into a strange belief of my affection: ha!—yonder he is, now to be taken notice of. [*Puts on her mask, and passes over the Stage.*

Geoff. Ha! are you there, are you there i'faith? blest Moonshine! I have discovered a Lady, a Night-walker upon my life. I'll after her. [*Exit* Geoffry.

Surly. How shall I find her out? which way contrive to revel in revenge? Sir *General Amorous* is the man that wrongs me, and on him I'll pour my indignation: but how the Devil came Sir *Arthur* and she lock'd up in the Closet together? how? why she's common and fond of all the world: he, he shall suffer too, but in a different way, the one shall die, and the other be made as monstrous as I am. [*Exit.*

Enter Flora *mask'd, Sir* Geoffry *following, ſeizes her.*

Geoff. Nay little Rogue, i'faith you ſhall not 'ſcape me; 'twould be unkindly done to let you go alone, ſo early in the morning too, come, come, let me ſee you home to your lodging little Wag.

Flor. I beg your pardon Sir, I do not uſe it.

Geoff. What! not your lodging Rogue? let's to a Tavern then, where wee'l drink and be ſo merry, ſo jocoſt and pleaſant, and kiſs and hug, and love one another.

Flo. Who are you Sir?

Geoff. A Country Magiſtrate, Lady, one that doats upon womans Fleſh, a very Cully, believe me Madam.

Flo. You'l pawn me Sir.

Geoff. Not I by *Jove*, what, pawn a pretty Lady? that were unkind indeed; I may be frolickſome or ſo, but i'faith I will not pawn you.

Flo. I dare not venture to a Tavern Sir.

Geoff. Let's to thy Lodging then, all's one to me; here, here's the tempting Angels, all this for a nights lodging I Gad: now I am all vigor, and ſhall I, hah? little Rogue ſhall I?

Flo. If you'l be kind.

Geoff. As a Lover can be, thou ſhalt have Gloves, and Fans, and Muffs, and Ribbands, and——

Flo. A Monky too.

Geoff. Yes, yes, a great Baboon, come, come, let's go.

Flo. You have ſuch taking ways.

Geoff. And ſo have you i'faith. Here's one of my twenty that's certain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Covent Garden.*

Enter two Sedan-men bringing Sir Arthur Twilight *in* Bramble's *cloaths, and* Bramble *in Sir* Arthur's *cloaths, bound and gag'd in a Sedan.*

1. *Sed.* Pox on 'em, they're curſed heavy.

2. *Sed.* Full of ſin, full of ſin Brother; but let's ſet 'em down here in the *Piazza*'s, and go and take a cheriſhing cup this morning.

1. *Sed.*

1. *Sed.* Agreed, but I am afraid it is too early.

2. *Sed.* No, no, no, they are up at the *King's-head* I'll warrant you. [*Exeunt* Sedan-men.

Sir Arthur *and* Bramble *come out of the Sedan.*

Enter Contentious Surly.

Surly. Gone from thence too? She is a Necromancer that's certain, and has a Legion of Devils to attend her. What have we here, Sir *Arthur Twilight*, and his Honourable servant *Bramble*? they are in a pretty Posture too, and stand seasonably for a beating, which that old Lecher shall not want; this for Bellowing the name Cuckold in my Ears,——and all these for being lock'd up with my Wife. And so farewell Sir.

[*Beats* Bramble *and Exit.*

Enter Petulant Easy.

Easy. O that I could but find Sir *Arthur* now to tell him all the story of his Wife, and pour into his Ears the strongest Venome that ever Poysoned man; and here he is, most happy opportunity. I'm sorry Sir, that I should be the Messenger of such ill news, as I am forc'd to tell you; but when a man is Married to a Wife, false and unconstant, one all desires, and greedy after Pleasures, one that shall force a man to her Embraces, and hug him with a Zeal——what, not answer me?

[Bramble *makes a Noise.*

Alas Poor man, this was *Eudoria* Plot, her loose Contrivance, is't not enough to wrong her Husbands Bed, but she must serve him so, make him the Scoff, and Scorn of all the World.?——

[*Unbinds* Bramble, *he ungags himself.*

Bramb. Thank you Madam, this is the first kindness I ever received of a Woman in my life.

Easy. Are you not Sir *Arthur* then?

Bramb. No, but I am his Man, and that's as good.

Easy. Where is your Master?

Bramb. There stands the Worshipfull Gentleman, you may be kind and release him if you please: this is the fruits of Fidling and Horn-hunting with a Pox, but if ever you take me in a Disguise again, I'll give you leave to hang me. Pox of *Surlys* blows,

[Easy *goes and unbinds* Sir Arthur.

they

they were very unwelcome to me because they were meant to my Master.

Arth. Madam, I can but thank you for my liberty: it was a severe Torment, it was indeed.

Easy. But who transform'd you thus?

Arth. I'faith I know not.

Bramb. Two Devils I think, they were disguis'd I'm sure.

Easy. Were I so injur'd, nothing should keep me from Revenge.

Arth. Ha! what said you there, Revenge? I'fack I long to be reveng'd, but how?

Easy. The Cure must needs be dangerous, when the Disease rages with so much violence; you are not unsensible you are a Cuckold?

Arth. Ha?

Easy. Wonder not at it, for you're so that's certain, I saw 'em both folded like Twins together, destilling Kisses, intermixing Glances, and with a Rapture unexpressible, dissolve into a showre.

Arth. A Cuckold?

Easy. I heard her boast, and glory in his Love, repeat the numbers of his Obligations, count o're his Charms in such a wanton Dialect, as would almost intice a Saint to sin.

Arth. A Cuckold, O Confusion!

Easy. Then being tyr'd and glutted with Excess, repeat the pleasures of her stoln Delights, whilst her Lascivious Ears suck'd in the sound, that every Sense might have an equall share.

Arth. No more, no more, no more. Death no more.

Easy. Sometimes she'd with a scornfull smile call on your name, and say Alas poor Sir *Arthur*, poor decrepit Cuckold.

Arth. Cuckold again! no more, no more, sweet Lady have you done?

Easy. If it offend I have.

Arth. Why, do you think it pleases, a Cuckold, a horrid, nay a known Cuckold too? I will be reveng'd that's certain, nay swindginly reveng'd, a Cuckold? O horrid! come along *Bramble.* [*Exeunt, manet* Easy.

Easy. He's fir'd, and nothing sure can quench him, but the removall of his Wife *Eudoria*; then I shall enjoy his Love in Peace, and fear no other Rivall; yet there's one dangar still,

a Jea-

a Jealous Husband, he shall be remov'd too, they are not fit to live who hourly strive to curb a Womans Joys, I will about it presently. [*Exit.*

Enter Twiford *talking to two Link-boys.*

Twif. Truly every thing is very considerably well, and my Honourable Lord is in a delicate pleasing humour, and my Lady is—but as I was telling you my Lords, about the Play. I just now came from the Kings house, and truly every thing is very considerably well: and truly I doubt not but to make a considerable advantage of the Comedy; for I have very considerably insinuated my self into the opinion of the Leading Wits,—— and I have their——— [*The Link-boys sneak off.* promise for applause, for indeed my Lord they know me for a Wit, and were extraordinarily pleas'd with my Heroick Poem call'd *The Man of New-Market*, and so forth; but let that pass, my Lords I see you do not regard me, and sleep is very necessary for a Poet, and so good night my Lords. {*Enters into the Sedan.*

Enter Petulant Easy.

Easy. I am hem'd about on all sides, and cannot scape the Watch, what shall I do for shelter till the Day breaks or the Clutches of the Parish are retir'd, ha! what's there, a Sedan, and no body near it? [*A Noise as of the Watch.*
Hark! the Watch are coming, I'll enter there and secure my self,———————— [*Noise again.*
There's a man in it, what shall I do now.—— [*Noise again.*
I must enter were he a Devil, till the Watch is past.
[*Enters into the Sedan and shuts the door.*

Enter the two Sedan-men.

2. *Sed.* Pox on't, there's no Drink to be got, I think 'tis scarce two.

1. *Sed.* Let it be scarce one an't will, I care not, for I am devilish dry.

2. *Sed.* So am I too, but come, let us up with our load, by that time we have drop't them in the Fields it will be day.
[*They take up the Sedan.*

Enter Contentious Surly, Constable *and* Watchmen.

Const. Stand, who goes there?

1. *Sed.* Friends.

Const. Who have you in your Sedan?

1. *Sed.* No body, Mr. *Constable.*

Surly. Search, search the Sedan, Mr. *Constable*, 'tis twenty to one but some Night-walking Lady or other is in it.

Sed. m. With all our hearts, there it is, search your Eyes out.

{ *Whilst they are opening the Sedan, the men sneak away. The Sedan being opened discovers* Twiford *embracing* Easy.

Const. What so close together? come out, come out I pray.

[*They come out.*

Surly. Death my Wife! and with a Mad-man too, this is insufferable; I am glad I have found your Ladiship, would your Honour be conducted home in a Sedan? you shall be Sedan'd with a pox. Mr. *Constable* pray give me leave to secure this Lady, upon my word she shall appear at the first summons.

Const. Do you know her Sir?

Surly. Too well, I wish I did not, she is my Wife.

Const. You have Liberty.

Surly. Come Minion will you walk? I'll secure you for gadding I'll warrant you. [*Pushes her out before him.*

Const. Stay, stay, what are you? [Twiford *offers to goe.*

Twif. Truly my Honourable Lord is very well, and as I told you the Play will take.

Const. What's all this to me? Who are you I say?

Twif. As I was saying, *Lewis* the 14th. is a brave Prince, and a very considerable Souldier; why look you Coz, this Ring was given me by Madam *Buly*, she is a very Honourable Lady, and takes much pains for the Publick.

Const. Tell not me of Publicks, but give me an account, what are you?

Twif. Very considerably well indeed, and every thing is in a very good method, and—— [*Sings and Plays upon his Pots.*

Const. Watchmen away with him, he is a suspicious Person.

Twif. Truly Cousin I know nothing of the matter.

Const. What matter?

Twif. The very great Affairs of State, and Matters now in Question

Queſtion are that the People of *Stetin* are a very Honourable People, and deſerve to be a ——

Conſt. I care not what they deſerve to be, who are you? whence came you? and whither are you going?

Twif. Truly my Lord you are very obliging, but I know nothing of the matter, but my Lord I'll tell you, his Honour—— I muſt beg your pardon Couſin, the good Lord *John* is juſt now come to town, and it will be accounted a great piece of rudeneſs to be abſent, and be ſo conſiderably well, your Servant Couſin. [*Runs off.*

Conſt. After him there and ſeize upon him, I will know what he is before he get his liberty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *A Bed-chamber.*

A Table with two Candles and ſome Books upon it ſet upon the Stage. Enter Sir Geoffry Jolt *and* Flora *mask'd.*

Geoff. Now you are kind indeed, I'faith you are; come Lady let us prepare, let us undreſs, O how I long to be in Bed dear Lady!

Flor. Do you begin Sir, I'll but go in and dreſs my Head, and wait upon you preſently. [*Ex.* Flora.

Geoff. Pretty Rogue, an excellent Lodging this, this is no Mercenary Miſtreſs. Lord, Lord, the Town Gallants are ſuch conceited Animals, ſuch Fops Alamode, they think no body has the happineſs of Enjoying their Ladies but themſelves. What's here, a Study? *Ariſtotles Problems*, excellent, and here *Leſchole de Files*, a pretty French book; and here *Annotations upon Aretines Poſtures*, three Excellent Books for a Ladies Chamber; but I am tardy, I ſtay too long, I ſhould have been in Bed half an hour agoe; O for a week of Nights in One, that I might reap a Hecatoomb of Pleaſures; who the Devil would marry and run the danger of being made a Cuckold, when he may live ſo freely? Come Lady, I am almoſt unready now, I am almoſt prepar'd, and could methinks——

Enter Emelia *and* Flora.

Emel. Good Morrow ſweet Sir *Geoffry.*

Flor. Good Morrow credulous Sir *Geoffry.*

Emel. How did you like the Lady in the Mask?

Flor. Was she not very charming, all Ayre and Conversation?

Emel. Had she not a sprightly way of Courtship? did she not work you to a height with Art?

Flor. Did she not sigh, and swear she doated on you? long'd to betray her Honour to your Worship?

Geoff. Hold Syrens hold, you've said enough already.

Emel. Not to a man of Learning, a Country Magistrate, one that would keep his Mistress like a Lady, present her daily with some Toy or other, as Muffs.

Flor. Fans.

Emel. Gloves.

Flor. Ribbands.

Emel. Neck-laces.

Flor. Dogs.

Emel. Monkeys.

Flor. And above all, an Over-grown Baboon, just such another as your hasty self. [Geoffry *speaks loud.*

Geoff. Peace I say, or by my Authority I will disturb the House, raise all the Servants, fright the Watch, amaze the Neighbours, and bring a Scandal on you both for ever.

Emel. Do, and we'll declare your Actions.

Flor. Relate your Course of life. } Geoffry *stops*

Emel. Defame your Honour. } *his Ears.*

Flor. Scandal your Learning.

Emel. And make your Name an Antidote, against the pleasingest Thoughts, the best desires that ever Woman had.

Geoff. Have you done? have you done now? ye Pair of she Devils.

Flor. Yes, will you be pleas'd to walk Sir?

Geoff. Any where out of your Companies Ladies: may desire and the want of what you slight so now pursue you ever.

[*Ex. Sir* Geoffry Jolt.

Emel. Is he gone?

Flor. Yes, with an intent never to come again I'll warrant him.

Emel. Then let's to Bed.

Imperfect Pleasures whilst in View they move,
Are the Ingenious Toyls of hasty Love. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE *The Streets.*

Enter Sir Generall Amorous, Eudoria *and* Spywell.

Eud. PRay Heaven we reach the Houſe before Sir *Arthur*, or elſe my Shame will kill me.

Gen. This is the moſt dangerous Adventure Love e're thought on, and will I fear end in our ruins; for 'tis impoſſible t' anticipate his haſt.

Eud. Fancy not ſtorms before you ſee 'em riſing: I am reſolv'd either to ſave my Honour by this means, or meet my ruin quickly. [*Goes to the Door and unlocks it.*] Thus far I'm ſafe, and make no queſtion now but to ſucceed, farewell. Some two hours hence I ſhall be glad to ſee you. {*Enters and locks the Door.*

Gen. What dogged Planet Reign'd at my Nativity! *Saturn* ſure was Lord of the Aſcendant; I could not elſe be croſs'd as I have been: twice moſt willingly ſhe gave Conſent I ſhould enjoy her Love, and ſtill that Devil Jealouſy fruſtrated all my hopes; which like a man drove by one wave aſhore, is by another hurried back again. To love, and not enjoy is but to gaze upon Delicious meat, and have no pow'r to touch it; I muſt goe on. Within this two hours I ſhall be glad to ſee you? that, that alone, had I not had ſufficient Proof before, would have confirm'd an Angel.

On then to Bliſs which we'll in private meet,
Where troubles paſt ſhall make it taſt more ſweet.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Arthur Twilight *and* Bramble.

Arth. I am out of Breath with running, a pox of Matrimony if this be the fruits on't, was ever Gentleman made a Cuckold before?

Bramb. Yes Sir, eſpecially Citizens; 'tis an Hereditary poſſeſſion belonging to the Court of Aldermen, and ſcarce one ſcapes it, if their Wives are either Young or Handſome.

Arth. I would mine had been neither, I would ſhe had not been a Woman, rather than I ſhould thus be made a Cuckold; but 'tis done, 'tis done, I am all over Horns that's certain, and ſhall be counted a greater Monſter than the *Elephant*.

Bramb. 'Tis ſomething ſevere indeed, but the beſt is, you are not the firſt Citizen that has had his Wife run away with a Courtier.

Arth. Am I not Sirrah ha? you make a mock of it, do you?

Bramb. No Sir no, I am in earneſt.

Arth. Are you ſo Villain, are you ſo? but on, on, knock at the Door, I long to be fully ſatisfied. {Bramble *knocks at the Door.*

Enter Eudoria *above in her Night-gown.*

End. Who's there?

Bramb. What's that to you?

End. Who are you?

Arth. A Friend, a Friend, one that ſhould be Maſter of this Houſe.

End. Who, my Dear Huſband? my kind Sir *Arthur?* where have you been to Night?

Arth. Ha! where have I been to Night? rather Lady where have you been to Night?

End. Here, here in my Chamber, rob'd of the Bleſſing of your ſweet ſociety, it was unkindly done.—

Arth. It was indeed to run away from your Huſband: but come, come, no more of that, open the Door Lady.

End. I'll fly to do it, I am overjoy'd to ſee you. [*Ex.* Eud.

Arth. What is the meaning of this? I'faith I know not what to think on't.

Bramb. Nor I neither, I am ſure ſhe was at the Tavern.

Arth. But how came ſhe home then? how in her Chamber undreſt, ha?

Bramb. Nay the Devil knows, and he is the beſt Counſeller a Woman has, but this is ſome trick, ſome trick upon my life; and ten to one Sir *Generall Amorous* is with her.

Arth. It is impoſſible, he went to the *Salutation Tavern* I am ſure, I ſaw him, ſpoak to him, and drank with him there.

Bramb. All this may be, and yet he be in Bed with your Wife; to know which I'll go into the Street, ſome two or three

three doors from the Houſe, and cry, fire, fire, then go to your Back door and watch that, whilſt you your ſelf watch this.

Arth. This will do, this will do, i'fack haſte and about it ſtreight. [*Ex.* Bramble.

Enter Eudoria.

Eud. O my dear Huſband! where have you been to Night? all night abroad at Taverns? rob me of my Garments and then run away from me? Alas is this ſeemly, for a man of your Credit? your Age? and Affection to your Wife?

Arth. This is fine i'faith, miraculouſly fine. [*Aſide.*] Was not I at home? call'd you like a Porter? ſtood under your Window untegarded, was almoſt mad with fury, and all this but laſt night, ha?

Eud. Yes Sir, the harmleſs ſleep you broke, and my anſwer to you would have witneſs'd it, if you had had the Patience to have ſtay'd one minute longer: but your ſo ſuddain retreat made me imagine you were gone with Sir *Generall Amorous* that common Debauche: keep him not company Dear, he is enough to ruine twenty Aldermen.

Arth. Hey day! this is fine indeed: it is impoſſible ſhou'd be honeſt; and yet ſhe has not the looks of a Sinner neither. [Bramble *within*, *fire*, *fire*, &c.

Eud. Ha Fire! I am undone for ever then.

Arth. Ha Fire! I'll watch this Door for that trick.

{*Stands with his back againſt the door*, Bramble *within*, *fire*, *fire*, &c.

Eud. Dear Huſband let's go in and remove the Goods, we ſhall be loſt for ever elſe.

Arth. Not I by Heav'n, I'll ſtand here till to Morrow firſt.

Enter Sir Generall Amorous *and* Spywell.

Gen. From whence this Diſmall noiſe?

Spyw. I know not Sir.

Gen. See it has rais'd my Worthy Landlord and his Wife. Where is the Fire Sir?

Arth. Nay I know not.—Hey day, hey day, ſtranger and ſtranger ſtill.—— [*Aſide.*

Enter

Enter Contentious Surly *in a Night-gown.*

Surly. Good morrow Sir *Arthur*, you are Alarm'd by the Noise I see.

Arth. Not much Mr. *Surly*, I am proof against fire, I am a meer *Salamander*, and can live as well in the Flame as a *Duck* in the Water, —'sfoot I know not what to think of this— [*Aside.* Sir *Generall*, Sir *Generall*, you are a Wag, i'fack you are: what stay abroad all Night? come, tell me where were you, indeed you shall.

Gen. Troth Sir at a Tavern about a Mile from hence, where after the pleasures of Wine and Musick, I hoped to enjoy the Charming *Easy*, but was hindred by that Jealous Devil *Surly*.

Arth. Did he hinder you i'fack, did he come and take you?

Gen. Just in the nick by Heav'n.

Arth. It was ten thousand pities, it was indeed, you lost a delicate Night on't, i'fack I am sorry for it: what, hindred of a Night?

Gen. 'Twas my ill fortune Sir, but we shall meet again.

Arth. I'll do my best to help you, I will indeed, where's your Man?

Gen. There Sir.

Arth. He looks clouded methinks.

Gen. A little Sir, for want of Rest, he's a most faithfull Servant.

Arth. A brave contriver I'll warrant him.

Gen. How to get Drunk that's all: he roul'd last night just like a Bowl ill byas'd, and slept in every Corner.

Arth. This is miraculous! I find I have abused my Wife all this while, and been Jealous for nothing; I am glad it is no worse though. O Villain! Monster that I was! how have I abus'd my self! He with *Easy*? and his man asleep in every Corner? this is strange indeed. [*Aside.* Pardon me *Eudoria* for leaving the Window so hastily, for my suddain Jealousy transfer'd me; I will say no more but this, I will not indeed, Dear Wife I suspected thee.

Eud. How, did you suspect me?

Arth.

Arth. Talk no more of it, I did indeed, and am asham'd to own it; come, come, wee'l in, and every morning on my knees I'll beg a pardon from thee.

Enter Bramble.

Bram. He is not come out Sir.

Arth. No matter, no matter, all's well again, I am Sir *Arthur* again, the brisk, bonny, and the merry Sir *Arthur* again, ha?

Surly. Where's the Fire *Bramble?*

Bram. Fire? what Fire? was there any Fire?

Gen. I heard 'em cry Fire.

Surly. And so did I.

Eud. And I.

Bram. Meer fancy, meer fancy, there is not a spark of fire in the whole City.

Surly. Then I'll to Bed again, good morrow Sir *Arthur.*

Arth. Nay Mr. *Surly* we will not part so, what, part with dry lips? out upon't, come, come, wee'l go into my House, and drink a Glass or two, and then part to our Beds; come Sir *General.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Geoffry Jolt *Drunk.*

Geoff. Let it burn on, I have nothing to say to fire or women, they are both out of my Element, Wine, precious Wine I am for, the bloud of the Grape shall be my Mistris: I have been damnably affronted by a couple of Jilting Queans already, and it will be hard to bring me into a third *Præmunire.* Where am I? O pretty near home, I find it, this 'tis to have good store of Wine in one's Head; a man reels to his Lodging so decently.

[*Exit Reeling.*

SCENE *A Bed-chamber.*

Enter Petulant Easy.

Easy. Now I am lost, and hope is fled for ever, there's no way left t' accomplish my desire, nor how to bring about my wish'd for vengeance; I am a Pris'ner now, confin'd to one I hate above the World, and forc'd to love what I have cause to hate, the treacherous *Amorous*, but he is gone, fled to *Eudoria's* Bosome, and there is lodg'd a happy loving Guest.

Enter Sir Geoffry Jolt.

Geoff. Still, still in the reeling posture; what ne're leave me? ha, where am I? what, in my Landladies Chamber? now if I had not made an Oath to the contrary, I would venture to salute her: pox 'twas a fooliſh Oath, and ought not to be kept by a perſon of Honour, ſhe kiſſes ſmartly, that's my comfort. By your leave Lady, I muſt have a touch with you.

[*Takes hold of* Eaſy.

Eaſy. What mean you Sir?

Geoff. Nothing but honeſty by my Sobriety, you have ſuch a taking way with you, ſuch a delicious turn of the lip, and ſo charming a breath, that I am almoſt raviſh'd.

[*Offers to kiſs* Eaſy, *ſhe refuſes.*

Nay believe me Lady 'tis a favour, and ought to be taken ſo, nay come, come Lady.

[*Pulls* Eaſy.

Eaſy. Whither Sir?

Geoff. To your Bed, it is a very convenient Utenſil, and ought not to ſtand for a Cypher in a Ladies Chamber, theſe melting lips——— Nay by my Honour, if you are coy I ſhall be a Devil, come, come, be as you ſhould be, a delightfull yielding Female, I am ſound I'll promiſe you, you may venture, dear Rogue———

Eaſy. Venture what Sir?

Geoff. To add one horn more to your Huſband's Forehead, come, come, I know you love to make him a Cuckold.

Eaſy. A Cuckold Sir?

Geoff. Yes, yes a Cuckold, I have made him one my ſelf.

Eaſy. How?

Geoff. In my ſleep Lady, and there I thought you were ſo brisk, ſo airy, and ſo charming; and if you ſeem'd to be ſo then, I am ſure you cannot chuſe but be all pleaſure now; come, diſpatch.

Eaſy. I ſhall be forc'd to cry a Rape if you provoke me thus.

Geoff. With all my heart, who would not venture on a Woman for ſuch a trifle? come along Lady, whilſt you cry I'll act; and then ſee who'll have the beſt on't.

Offers to force her.

Eaſy. Help, help, a Rape, a Rape.

Enter

Enter Surly.

Geoff. Pox what need you baule ſo loud, we ſhall diſturb the Neighbours. [*Forcing* Eaſy *ſtill.*

Surly. What means this Rudeneſs Sir?

Geoff. Nothing but Civility by my Honour: meer Paſſion by *Jove*, and who can be angry at a Paſſion?

Surly. It ill becomes you, eſpecially in my Houſe, Sir *Geoffry.*

Geoff. Nay if you are angry I have done, Good morrow Landlord, I'll goe to bed and ſleep, and Dream, and ſo forth. [*Exit* Geoffry.

Eaſy. Can you ſee this and not revenge the Injury? can you behold the honour of your Wife at ſtake, and not protect her; or at leaſt, not offer to deſtroy the foul Abuſer?

Surly. He's drunk, he's drunk, and knows not what he does.

Eaſy. Were it Sir *Generall*, or any other but this Goatiſh *Geoffry*, you would have entertained a ſtrange Suſpicion, and with a Jealouſy as unreſtrain'd as ever fury could invent, have hunted both to ruine, but now——

Surly. Enough, enough, let this content you, that I ne're before did entertain ſo fair a thought of Woman as now I do of thee: my fooliſh Jealouſy ſtill prompted me to think it was impoſſible you could be honeſt, or ſtand the Tryall of the leaſt Temptation; but now I find thou haſt a ſecret Virtue, which I will cheriſh ever: come let's retire.

All Jealous Pangs you by this Act remove,
And now I ſhall renew Decaying Love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Sir* Arthur's *Houſe.*

Enter as in a Paſſion Sir Generall Amorous, *followed by Sir* Arthur Twilight *and* Eudoria.

Arth. Nay Sir *Generall*, i'faith I am ſorry, I am indeed; what, leave your Friends houſe for a Trifle? nay ſweet Sir *Generall*, I am not Jealous now, i'fack I am not; dear Wife go to him, perſwade the Gentleman, win him again, I ſhall be diſtracted if he leave me, to him Dear——

Eud. I know 'tis but in vain.

Arth. Nay, nay try him, 'twas but a small affront to say I doubted him, or to be Jealous, was it? nay dear sweet Wife perswade him.

End. I'll try my power Sir, but I fear th'event.

Arth. That's well said, kiss him into friendship, hug him, do any thing to win him, (but lye with him) and I am satisfy'd.

End. Prepare a Banquet then to entertain him, and to it invite your Worthy friends; let it appear as costly as you can for such a little Warning, and I'll try if I can court him to it.

Arth. Do, do my little Rogue, and see how I will love you, the Night will come and then,—— but 'tis no matter, thou knowest my meaning——— [*Ex. Sir* Arthur.

Gen. Is he gone?

End. Safe for an hour, I'll warrant him.

Gen. How greedily he hunts his own Destruction, and with a Zeal as eager as our Loves, he strives to haste our Pleasures!

End. Let us not lose that time by our neglect Heav'n has so kindly given.

Gen. 'Twere sin to slip the opportunity. Fortune now courts us to a World of Pleasure, and should we slight the Blessing she has given, we might for ever starve and long for Joys, but never more approach 'em.

End. Where shall we goe?

Gen. My Chamber is most safe; nay any where as you have chang'd his humour, he would mistrust his Eyes I'm sure before you.

End. Then let us goe, for fear we are prevented. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Emelia *and* Flora.

Eme. This is a strange alteration, but yesterday my Father was as Jealous as a Husband without Eyes, and as Waspish as an ill pleas'd Bride; and now he is all Mirth and Jollity. Pray Heaven it last.

Flor. So say I, for he just now proffered me a Husband: and if his Jealous Fitt should come again, I might chance to leade Apes in Hell; and that's a Curse too insufferable for me to bear.

Eme. A Husband *Flora!* who was't?

Flor.

Flor. My degraded Magiſtrate, he tells me he is a man of Vigour, and loves me with an unſpeakable flame.

Eme. And can you fancy him?

Flor. Beſt of all, for he's not a Wit I can tell you, and thoſe ſoft headed Huſbands are the eaſieſt Creatures to work upon; a Woman may doe what ſhe pleaſes, keep a Gallant in Town, or maintain a comely Servant in the Country; who ſhall be as proud to effect my Will, as I deſirous to command him.

Eme. There's danger in 'em though, beſides reſtraint of Liberty and Freedome, I hate to be mew'd up in a Country Caſtle, give me the *Mall*, or *Grays-Inn* Walks; and now and then a Play, where a Woman may receive as much Pleaſure by gazing on the Gallants of the Town, as you in the Arms of your Country Magiſtrate: were I to chuſe, I'de have a Generall Lover, one that Courts all, Doats little, and Enjoys every where.

Flor. They are ſo common, Siſter.

Eme. Not as Country Squires: Alas there's a great difference in the men I ſpeak of, One ſhall pretend he loves you monſtrouſly, and behind your back cry dam you. A Second court you with Letters, proteſt he doats upon you, and had rather gaze upon your Eyes, then any ſhe in the whole World beſide; and yet the next minute run to a Bawdihouſe. A Third comes with that taking Toy call'd Matrimony or Honourable Love, when his whole deſigne is but to Enjoy you, ſpend your Portion, and then leave you a Miſerable Woman.

Flor. You are well vers'd in the diſtinctions of Men, Siſter.

Eme. But above all, were I to chuſe, give me Sir *Generall Amorous*, his Buſineſs is writ here, here in his Face; and they are much deceiv'd who think he comes to marry 'em.

Enter Sir Arthur Twilight *and* Bramble.

Arth. Are all invited?

Bramb. Yes Sir, all you gave order are.

Arth. And will they come?

Bramb. Doubtleſs, Sir, they are moſt there already: here's a Note of their Names. [*Gives Sir* Arthur *a Note.*

Arth. Let me ſee it, let me ſee it, ——— [*Reads.* Sir *John Twiford?* what have I to doe with him? I want no Madmen Sirrah.

Bramb. He will not come I'll warrant you, for I told him unless he could produce a new suite of Cloaths, and leave those greasy ones behind him, he could not enter here.

Arth. That's pretty well, it is indeed, i'fack I like the Jeast: Come Daughters let us go in, my Wife and Guests will stay for me, they will indeed, I long to be amongst 'em, for I shall be so merry, so Jocost and pleasant, come dear Girles. [*Exeunt.*

Scene draws and discovers seated as at a Banquet, Sir Generall Amorous, Eudoria, Contentious Surly, Petulant Easy, *and* Sir Geoffry Jolt.

Enter Sir Arthur Twilight, Emelia, Flora, *and* Bramble, *all rise.*

Arth. Nay, nay sit down, sit down my Worthy Friends, I'fack I joy to see you, why this was kindly done to visit me upon so small a Warning. [*All sit down.*

Surly. You see we love you Sir.

Arth. I hope you do so all, I should be loth to have the hate of any man, I'fack I should, come Gentlemen be merry, let's sing, and dance, and drink, and be jocost, ha?

Geoff. Still the Old man by *Jupiter*, come here's a Health, 'tis but a frolick, to the most Superannuated Cuckold in *Europe.*

Arth. Let it go round I'fack.

Eud. Fy Sir, there's a Health? I blush to hear it.

Arth. But you shall not: what, blush for a trifle? a Cuckold is a Christian, and so we are all I hope: Mr. *Surly* you are sullen, dogged, moody, alamort I'fack, come here's a Health to the Lord Mayor of *London*, ha, that was well thought upon ha, was it not, ha?

Geoff. You are the same man still, you are indeed Sir *Arthur*, I love a man that has no sense of his own Miseries: look, look, my Landlord's dogged, at that name Cuckold, down in the mouth by *Jove*, but you bear up briskly still ha, let me embrace thee dear Rogue. [*Embraces Sir* Arthur.

Arth. Look Sir *Geoffry*, mind that Girle, that little Wag *Flora*, would she not make a brisk she Magistrate ha, would she not ha?

Geoff.

Geoff. Yes Sir, yes, a delicate Magistrate.

Arth. You shall see her Dance Sir *Geoffry*, believe me she has Excellent Parts, come *Flora*, I'fack she shall be yours all over.

Flora *Dances a Jig.*

Arth. Excellent Girle i'fack, take her Sir *Geoffry*, take her, I say she shall be yours, i'fack she shall. { *Entertains* Eudoria *in Dumb show.*

Geoff. The little Rogue has Charm'd me, she has won my heart again, come little Wag, what say you to a Country Magistrate now ha,——nay nay——I have forgot all the Abuses, all the Affronts you and your Sister put upon me, I have upon my Honour.

Flor. You are too hasty Sir *Geoffry*, you have my Fathers Consent I must confess, but mine is yet to get; and if you have me you must expect to be made a——

Geoff. Cuckold every day, I know it very well, 'tis Hereditary to the Family, but I'll venture that; come little Rogue.

Enter Twiford *dress Ridiculously, with Stockins of two several Colours, Breeches altogether out of Fashion, and a Coat quite different from all; and over this a Carpet cut so, that his Head and Arms may come through, and the rest hang like a Senators Gown.*

Twif. ——Save you, ——save you Ladies, and you my Honourable Lords and very good Cousins, you see I keep my word, but upon my Honour it was something hard to put my self thus into the Fashion, I was at least with a score Lords and Ladies, all very considerable People, who were very considerably pleas'd with my new Play, and truely I believe, it may do very honourably well, but my Lord [*To* Bramble,] You are a man of Wit, and I know understand in a very Extraordinary manner, I'll shew you my Comedy; in the mean time pray Coz oblige me with a Bottle of Wine, and a considerable quantity of Meat; for mark you Coz I am a Wit, and a very hungry Wit, and between you and I those are the best sort of Wits.

Bramb. A Hungry Wit? I believe you: here Sir *John*, here is what Sir *Arthur's* Table affords.

{ *Gives* Twiford *Meat, and Wine, both sit down and Eat and Drink very greedily.*

Arth.

Arth. Will he not yield yet, will he not be friends ha? The Devil is in the man I think.—— [*Aside.*

Eud. He yet Sir is strangely averse to it, but I doubt not at another meeting to compleat the Work, and make you both friends again: and that's a very hard task, but for your sake I'll venture it.

Arth. Dear Love, Night is a coming and then,—— I say no more, get Sir *Generall* to your Chamber, work him, work him to a height of Good nature, and then bring me the happy tydings, the joyfull news.

Eud. Where shall I find you Sir?

Arth. In my Study, in my Study Dear, I will make an excuse to the Company for my absence, and expect your Answer. Gentlemen, pardon me for leaving you so soon, a little business unthought of before our meeting, just now came into my Head, and wants to be dispatch'd; be merry, drink and be merry, I'll wait upon you presently.

Surly. You know your time Sir.

Arth. Now will I steal into *Eudorias*'s Chamber, and obscure my self that I may hear how my Wife works him; She has a notable Tongue, and can wheedle a man Delicately, she has indeed. [*Aside.*] [*Ex. Sir* Arth.

Twif. This is Delicate Food my Lord, have you any more? [*To* Bramble.

Bramb. Truly Sir *John* no. Alas we live here amongst Canniballs, within a short time after Dinner they will devour one another.

Twif. Truly your Cousins at *York* are very Considerably well, and every thing is in a very decent Order, and they are all Extreamly brave and Gallant; why look you Cousin, I am going to get a Commission, I have already a Scarf, Sword and Belt, and such Appurtenances; indeed they are the same I had at the Campain at *Black-heath*, but still they are very Genteele and Modish.— { *All this while Sir* Geoffry *Entertains* Flora *in Dumb show.*

Geoff. What say you now little Rogue ha?

Flor. I say I shall be the same I ever was, the same jeasting, jearing, designing Woman.

Geoff. With all my heart.

Flor. I must must not be Curb'd.

Geoff.

Geoff. You shall not.

Flor. Nor be hindred of my Pleasure.

Geoff. You shall not.

Flor. Nor be lock'd up in my Chamber.

Geoff. Neither.

Flor. Then give me your Hand——I'm Yours.

Geoff. Not as you was before, to Couzen me, I hope.

Flor. The Minister shall confute you: but we shall stay too long from the Company. [*They go into the Scene and sit down, the Scene closes.*

Twif. My Lord you are very obliging, and Madam *Flora* is very considerably in a good posture, as affairs stand now, and truly by the next month, at the opening of the Campain, she will be much bigger, and fit for a Considerable command.

Bramb. Shall we not have your Company, my Lord?

Twif. Cousin, I will wait upon you, and be, my Lord, your most considerably Obliging Faithfull servant to command. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE Eudoria's *Chamber.*

Enter Sir Arthur Twilight.

Arth. Now I shall be made the happiest Citizen in *London*, I shall indeed; let me see, where shall I hide my self to overhear 'em, I'fack under that Table, it is a Delicate privacy, and very fit for the purpose. [*Creeps under the Table.*

Enter Sir Generall Amorous *and* Eudoria.

Gen. Now Joy comes on apace, and every minute produces new Delights. We love without controle, and tread those paths are pointed out by your late Jealous Husband, and what before we studied for with care, is by Sir *Arthur* flung into our Arms.

Arth. Ha! what means this? [*Aside.*

End. Nothing's more sweet than oft repeated Bliss, especially to one whose Appetite has been so often dull'd by the Embracings of Old Age and Folly.

Arth. Ha! is this the Effects? they are reconcil'd, I faith they are. [*Aside.*

Gen. Poor Senceleſs man! that has the impudence to think a Woman can be mew'd up alone, or feed upon a Sapleſs Tree: by Heaven a Nunnery is Paradiſe to ſuch a Ladies Chamber.

Arth. I can endure no longer, and yet I dare not ſtir. [*Aside.*

End. Now we are all deſires, and reap each minute a World of New-born Pleaſures, whilſt in that fordid thing a Feeble Huſband, we feed upon a wiſh, and only live by the imaginary parts of Bliſs, Phantaſms and Idle Dreams.

Arth. O Devil, Devil, Devil, I ſhall be made a Cuckold, I find I ſhall, and dare not offer to prevent it neither. [*Aside.*

Gen. Let us be reall Lovers, and meet our Flames with vigour, I'm talk'd into an Exſtaſy, — and ſhall expire by gazing on your Charms.

End. We talk away that time which ſhould be ſpent in Pleaſure.

Arth. A Whore, a Whore, by Heaven a common whore, and I an Arrand Cuckold. [*Aside.*

Gen. I've been too tardy my *Eudoria*, and will be ſo no more. [*Speak and move towards the Bed.*

Shoot down ye Gods, all, all your Plagues above,
When I neglect the Critick hour of Love.

Arth. Confuſion! a Pimp, a Pimp, a Pimp. [*Falls into a fit of Coughing, they ſtart.*

Gen. Ha! from whence that Noiſe?

End. Under the Table I think.

Gen. What Slave durſt interrupt us?

End. We are betray'd I fear. [*Looks under the Table.* My Huſband! I am loſt for ever.

Gen. Ha! your Huſband? then Impudence aſſiſt me. [*Draws.* Come forth thou ſcorn of Mankind, and take your Death with patience; look on your Fate, and with a Brow ſerene, ſmile whilſt I ſend thy Soul into another World: come out I ſay.

Arth. Not I by *Jove*, if you will kill me do it in private, for I ſhall never indure to ſee it done.

Gen. Then [*Offers to kill him.*

Arth. Nay sweet Sir *General* hold, 'tis plague enough to be a Cuckold, but I'll forget I am one, if you'll save my Life: Alas, I am not prepar'd to dye.

Gen. So much the greater my Revenge. [*Offers to kill him again,* Eudoria *holding him.*

Eud. Nay let me beg his Pardon Sir, alas the fault was mine, I ought to suffer, shed not the Bloud of such a harmless man, but if you must be cruell, sheath here your Sword, and let my Life and shame end both together.

Gen. Come out I say.

Arth. Not till you give me Life, Faith I am sorry, very sorry I interrupted you, I am indeed.

Gen. Come out, and I'll consider on't. [*Comes from under the Table and kneels.*] How durst ye, thou base Jealous Dotard, presume to think an evill thought of us, much more disturb our Pleasures, skulk in our known Recesses, and all to make you mad, born mad? but to prevent your Lunacy thus I'll—— {*Offers to kill him again,* Eudoria *Kneels and seems to Weep.*

Eud. Hold, on my Knees I beg you to forbear, look on his Age, his Innocence and Goodness, look how submissively he bends for Pardon, and also look upon *Eudoria's* Tears: can they not win you yet, not bate your Fury? then on his Neck I'll hang and perish there, perish and Dye with my dear Loving Husband. [*Falls on his Neck and Weeps.*

Arth. Can you, can you strike now? can you kill Sir *Arthur?* your best Friend Sir *Arthur?* can you for all these Tears? for all the Tears of such a loving Wife?—— [*Falls on* Eudoria's *Neck and Weeps.*

Gen. Rise, she has gain'd your Pardon: but on Condition that you never talk, nay not so much as think of what has happened, if you do——

Arth. Never, alas I will take it for a Dream, a meer Dream, and when I am awake, put it out of my Memory.

Gen. Forgive *Eudoria* then, and with a Zeal as hasty, as you went to Church together.

Arth. I do, I'fack I do, with all my Heart I do.

Gen. Consider Sir, 'tis but a Venial Sin, and not so great as it is Common; for but few Women inviolably observe the Faith they owe their Husbands.

Arth. I'm of your mind Sir *Generall*, I'fack I am, this 'tis to be Old and fearfull; but 'tis no matter, I'm not the first Cuckold, that's my comfort.

End. Now all my hopes are lost, quite lost for ever, and I must still be bound to one I hate.

Enter Twiford *Singing and Dancing.*

Twif. Why, look you Cousins, every thing is Considerably well, and the Affair has been managed with a great deal of Prudence, and my Cousin *Geoffry* and his Wife *Emelia*, are mighty jocost and pleasant; and every thing is in an extraordinary Good manner and Posture, and the way is mighty obliging I assure you, they did me the honour to employ me in this great Affair, which is to advertise you that all my good Lords and Ladies are in very Good health, and are——

Enter Sir Geoffry, Emelia, Contentious Surly, Petulant Easy, Flora, Spywell *and* Bramble.

Why look you Cousins, here are all my very good Lords and Ladies, and pray pardon me my Lords, if I leave your Companies so soon, for my very Honourable Friend and Cousin, my Lord———has sent for me, and I am to win a hundred Guinnies to night, which is very considerable, my very good Lords, Ladies and Cousins, Adieu. [*Ex.* Twiford.

Geoff. What, Alamort Sir *Arthur?* Come, come be merry and sing, I have got your Daughter, I'fack Boy.

Arth. 'Tis Well, 'tis very well, she is a smart Rogue, and will make a good Wife I'll warrant her. ——She is my Daughter, and I hope will make you a Cuckold too; that I may have a Son in law of the Family of the Wittalls.—— [*Aside.*

All this time Sir Generall *Entertains* Flora *in Dumb show.*

Gen. Sir *Arthur Twilight* all anger being past and quite forgotten, to bind my self for ever to you, and by a Bond that knits Intire Affections, with your Consent and to secure your peace, here will I plant my Love.

Arth. With all my Heart, I care not what you doe, Marry whom you please, I can be but a Cuckold still. [*Aside.*

Gen. What say's *Emelia?*

Emel.

Emel. I would say nothing Sir to Matrimony, if you men were not so deceitfull, and yet methinks I long to know what 'tis.

Gen. O 'tis a Pleasing Pain, a Heav'nly Bliss.——

Emel. Nay, tell me not on't before hand, I hate to have my Pleasures pal'd by talking of 'em, give me your hand, for once I'll venture Marriage, but believe me, if it prove contrary to my Expectation, I'll run for't, go to Law for alimony, and be Mistress to an Alderman.

Arth. He shall be a Cuckold too, I'll perswade my Daughter to be a Whore, and so be reveng'd on him. [*Aside.*

Easy. Still he is False, and in the highest nature; I'll study for Revenge now I have lost him, and ruin both together. [*Aside.*

Surly. Sir *Generall Amorous*, I beg your Pardon for those foul suspicions I had of you and *Easy*, and hereafter I'll strive to show my Love.

Gen. My thanks shall not be wanting, nor my Rewards, to *Spywell* and to *Bramble*, both which have play'd the Parts of Faithfull Servants.

Licentious Youth, taught by unruly Fires,
Each moment leads us to Unjust Desires.
The Joy once past, and the great Blessing ta'ne;
We grieve to think it cannot come again.
But here that Bliss we do in safety meet,
And lay our Glories at the Victors Feet.
Where uncontroul'd we in our Chains enjoy
Those Pleasures which our Freedom would destroy.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Sir ARTHUR.

THE fate of Writing is like Wedlock dark,
The Wife's Debauch'd by every Modish Spark.
And though a Man Monopolizeth Wit,
He's sure to have but little share of it.
We City Cullies buy our Wive's so Dear
And with such Pains indulge each Wantons Ear
Till they break out, and you Debauch 'em here.
There's scarce a Gallant but has fresh supplies
Of Love and Glances, from her Wanton Eyes,
The fate of Citt and Poet then are even,
For sure both Fools and Cuckolds go to Heaven:
How happy then's the Authour of this Play,
Who although Young's as great a Fool as they?
He swore he did not Write to show his Sence
But his Unequal'd stock of Impudence,
For though you Raile and Damn, he laughs to see
You more mistaken in his Play then he.

FINIS